This Cover, by Bernie Wrightson, was Originally Intended to appear in the now defunct Web of Horror Magazine

THE SULTRY SUMMER DAYS OFFER LITTLE AMUSEMENT. FOR YOUNG MATT AND LUKE REEVES, HOWEVER, THE BOREDOM WILL SOON BE ENDED, FOR THEY HAVE DISCOVERED CYRUS FENBY'S CURIO SHOP...

THE MONSTER JAR

Imaged by Heritage Auctions, HA.com

CYRUS FENBY'S GNARLED FINGERS LOWER THE MYSTERIOUS JAR FOR THE BOYS TO INSPECT...

LOOK, LUKE! THERE'S SOME KIND OF ANIMAL IN IT!

IS IT DEAD?

WHAT IS IT MR. FENBY?

WHERE DID YOU GET IT?

FENBY REMAINS SILENT AS HIS MIND RACES BACK... BACK TWO YEARS... TO THE DAY THE CARNIVAL CAME INTO TOWN...

...AND THAT GAUDY CARNIVAL POSTER THAT STIMULATED HIS LUST FOR WEALTH...

WORLD FAMOUS ODDITIES

MONSTER JAR

ESTIMATED TO BE WORTH OVER $10,000

...UNTIL, AT LAST, HIS MADDENED DESIRES OVERCAME HIM AND HE BROKE INTO THE CARNIVAL TO STEAL THE JAR, NEARLY KILLING AN UNEXPECTED GUARD...

FENBY GOT AWAY WITH HIS CRIME, BUT MUSEUM AFTER MUSEUM GAVE HIM THE SAME FATEFUL NEWS...

I'M SORRY, MR. FENBY. I'M NOT SURE WHAT IT IS, BUT IT'S ABSOLUTELY WORTHLESS!

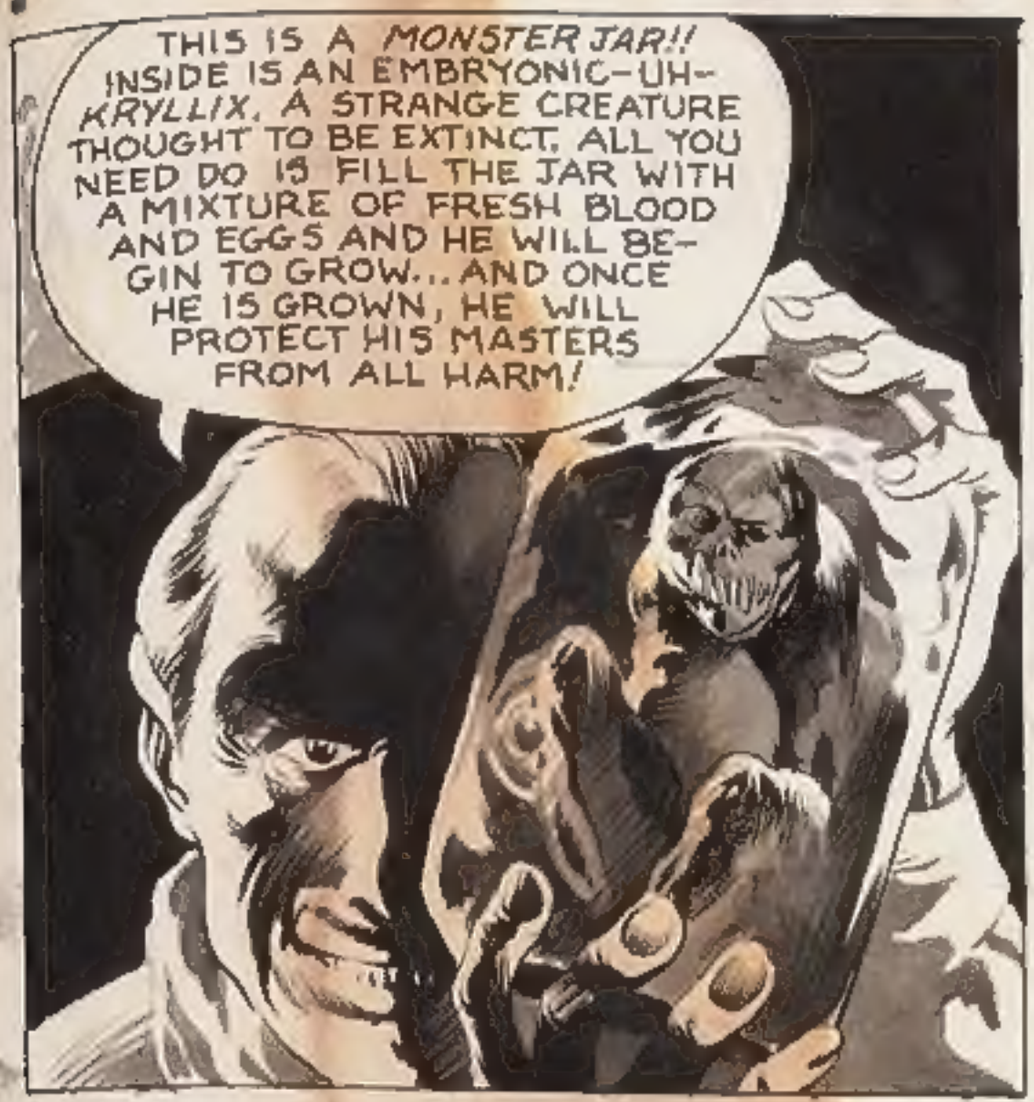
NO! IT CAN'T BE! THEY—THEY CHEATED ME! ...THOSE CROOKS!

AND NOW FENBY'S CHANCE HAS COME TO SELL THE JAR... MAYBE HE'LL BE LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET THE WHOLE SEVEN DOLLARS!

HEY, MR. FENBY! IS SOMETHIN' WRONG?

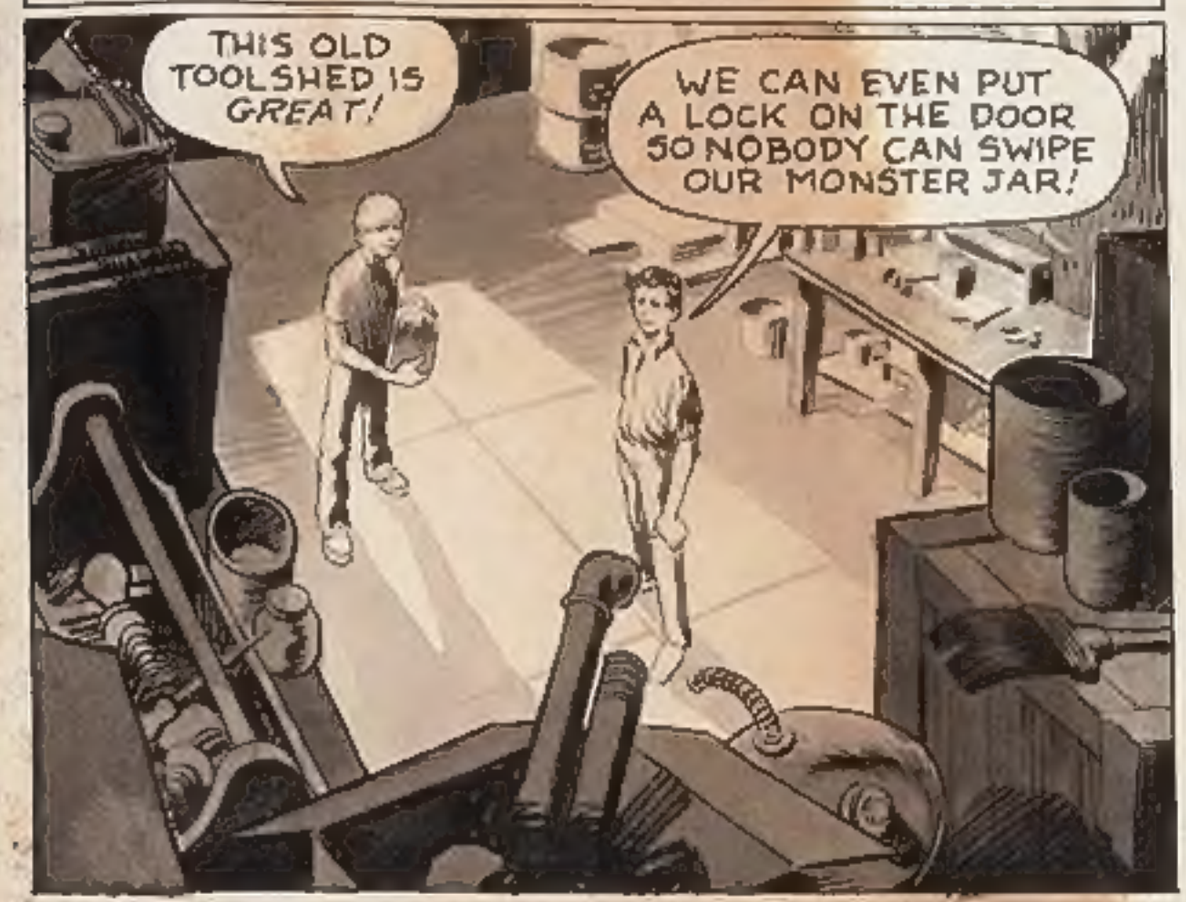
NO... JUST THINKING...

WELL, WHAT ABOUT THE JAR?



...CONVINCED THEY'VE MADE A RARE FIND, THE BOYS LEAVE WITH THEIR TREASURE...

THE BOYS SEARCH FOR A PLACE TO KEEP THE JAR HIDDEN AND FINALLY...



WITH THE JAR SAFELY LOCKED IN THE TOOLSHED, THE BOYS PAY THE LOCAL BUTCHER A VISIT...

...LATER THAT EVENING, BACK IN THE OLD SHED...

SLOWLY, THE MIXTURE OF FRESH, RED BLOOD AND EGGS REFILLS THE JAR ...

YOU SURE THIS'LL BRING THE MONSTER BACK TO LIFE?

MR. FENBY SAID IT WOULD, DIDN'T HE? WHY WOULD HE LIE? BETTER STAND BACK, MATT.

THE HOURS CREEP ON AS THE BOYS STARE EXPECTANTLY AT THEIR LIFELESS TREASURE...

GOSH, LUKE, IT'S BEEN HOURS AND I AIN'T SEEN IT MOVE YET!

MAYBE IT NEEDS MORE TIME... IT'S GETTING KIND OF LATE. I THINK WE BETTER GET ON HOME.

THE DAYS TURN INTO WEEKS, AND STILL THE BOYS CONTINUE THEIR GRIM NIGHTLY RITUAL...

BE CAREFUL, LUKE. DON'T SPILL ANY...

...EVER WATCHING...
...EVER WAITING...

IT'S BIGGER THAN IT WAS, MATT!

... FOR THEIR KRYLLIX TO COME TO LIFE...

IT'S BREATHING, LUKE! IT'S *ALIVE!!*

YOU'RE CRAZY! IT AIN'T MOVING AT ALL!!

YOU'RE RIGHT! I GUESS IT NEEDS MORE TIME...

WE CAN WAIT!

A PERSISTANT KNOCKING AT CYRUS FENBY'S CURIO SHOP IS FINALLY REWARDED WITH ANSWER...

WHAT'S THE IDEA OF WAKING ME IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT? WHO ARE YOU ANYWAY?

I'VE COME TO BUY A CERTAIN JAR- WHICH I HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE YOU HAVE!

...RELUCTANTLY, FENBY ADMITS THE STRANGER...

YES, YES... NOW WHAT JAR IS IT THAT YOU WANT?

THIS IS A VERY SPECIAL JAR. YOU SEE, I'M BASIL CANADAY, OWNER OF CANADAY CARNIVAL AND FOR TWO YEARS I'VE BEEN TRYING TO FIND ONE OF MY STOLEN ATTRACTIONS...

...MY *MONSTER JAR*... IT IS RUMORED THAT YOU ARE NOW THE OWNER... IF THIS IS TRUE, I'M PREPARED TO GIVE YOU $1000 FOR IT.

WHY, YES, I DO RECALL GIVING A STRANGER A FEW DOLLARS FOR THIS -UH- MONSTER JAR, BUT, WHEN I HAD IT EXAMINED, I WAS TOLD IT WAS WORTHLESS!!

THERE ARE STRANGE *SECRETS* ABOUT THE JAR WHICH NO EXAMINATION WOULD EVER REVEAL, MR. FENBY. NOW, MAY I PLEASE SEE THE JAR?

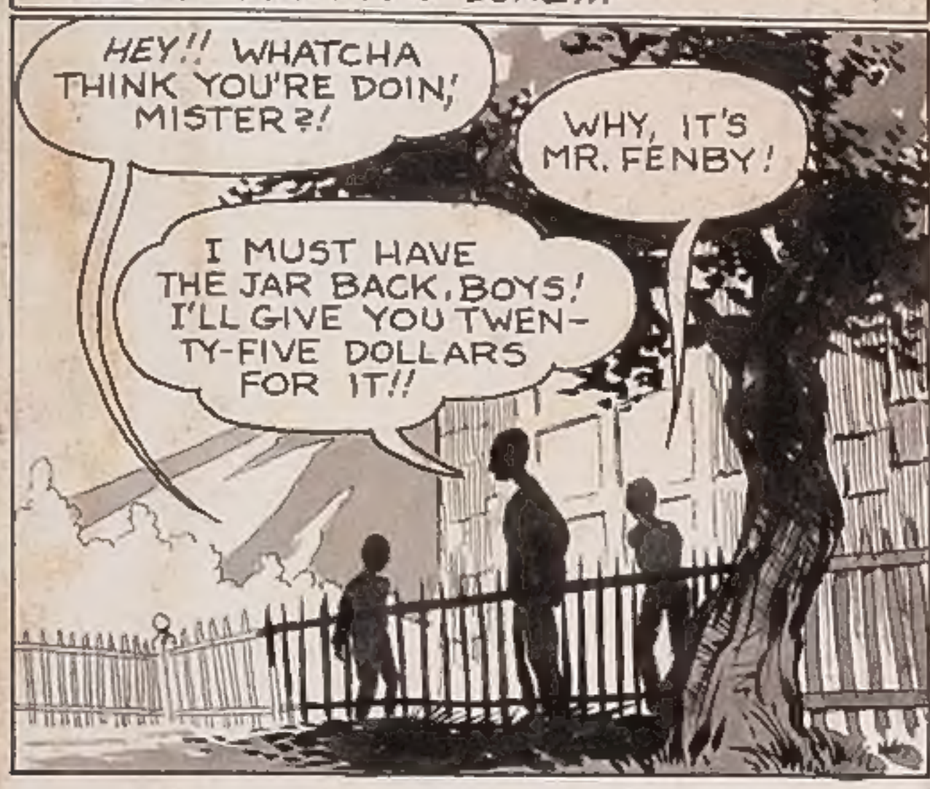
I'M SORRY, BUT THE JAR IS -*AH*- IN STORAGE! I CAN HAVE IT FOR YOU TOMORROW!

THE JAR MUST NOT BE DAMAGED IN ANY WAY OR I'LL BE UNABLE TO PAY YOU ANYTHING. I'LL RETURN TOMORROW AT EXACTLY FOUR!!

FINE - *FINE*!! I'LL HAVE THE JAR FOR YOU THEN!

CYRUS ARRIVES AT THE REEVES FARM EARLY THE NEXT DAY...

CYRUS IS SUDDENLY CONFRONTED BY AN ANGRY MATT AND LUKE...



THE BOYS QUICKLY DECIDE...

SEEING THE MURKY LIQUID IN THE JAR, FENBY IS OVERCOME WITH RAGE...

...THE BOYS LEAN AGAINST THE LOCKED DOOR, LISTENING TO FENBY'S MUFFLED CRIES...
I'M SORRY, BOYS. LET ME OUT... ...PLEASE...

...GROW WEAKER AND WEAKER...
PLEASE! THE JAR... IT'S...

...AND FINALLY DIE!!
I CAN'T... NO! I... AARRGHHH!!

HE-HE'S GONE!! HE'S ESCAPED!
AND LOOK!! OUR MONSTER'S DEAD!! HE KILLED IT AND TOOK THE JAR!

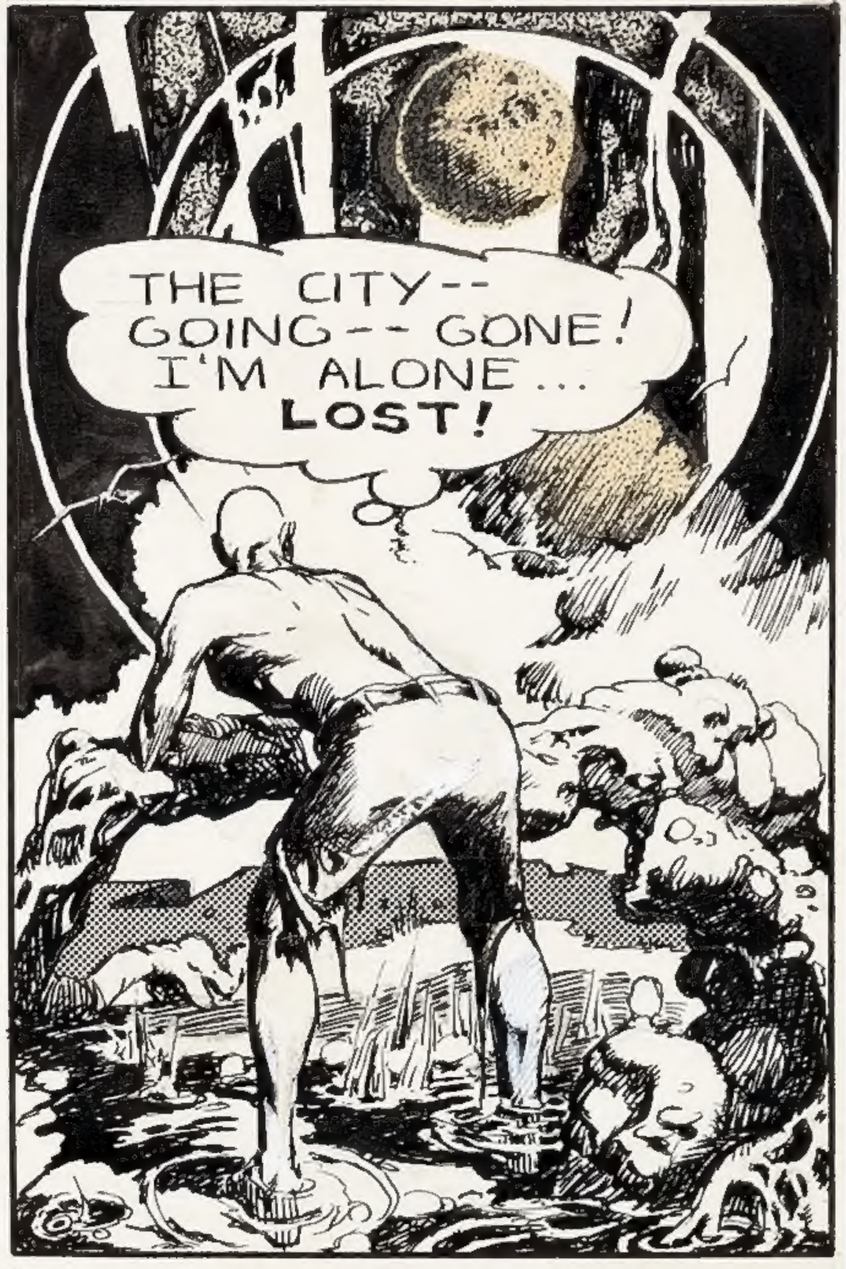
IT WAS ALIVE!! I KNOW IT WAS, 'CAUSE IT'S SMILING NOW!!
HE DIDN'T TAKE THE JAR, MATT. HERE IT IS AND... GOOD LORD!!

IT PROTECTED US, JUST LIKE HE SAID!
I KNEW HE WOULDN'T LIE!

WELL, GANG, LOOKS LIKE OL' FENBY WAS SQUEEZED INTO A JARRING SITUATION AND GOT HIMSELF ALL SCREWTOP, AND... WHA?!
...OH, YOU SAY THE STORY'S FINISHED, NOW?! OH, I... WHAZZAT?! OH, SH-SHUT UP?!! OH, WELL...
THE END.

Imaged by Heritage Auctions, HA.com

A WIND... BLOWING COLD AND SHRIEKING HOLLOW... BUILDINGS SWAY AND TURN INTO CARDBOARD...



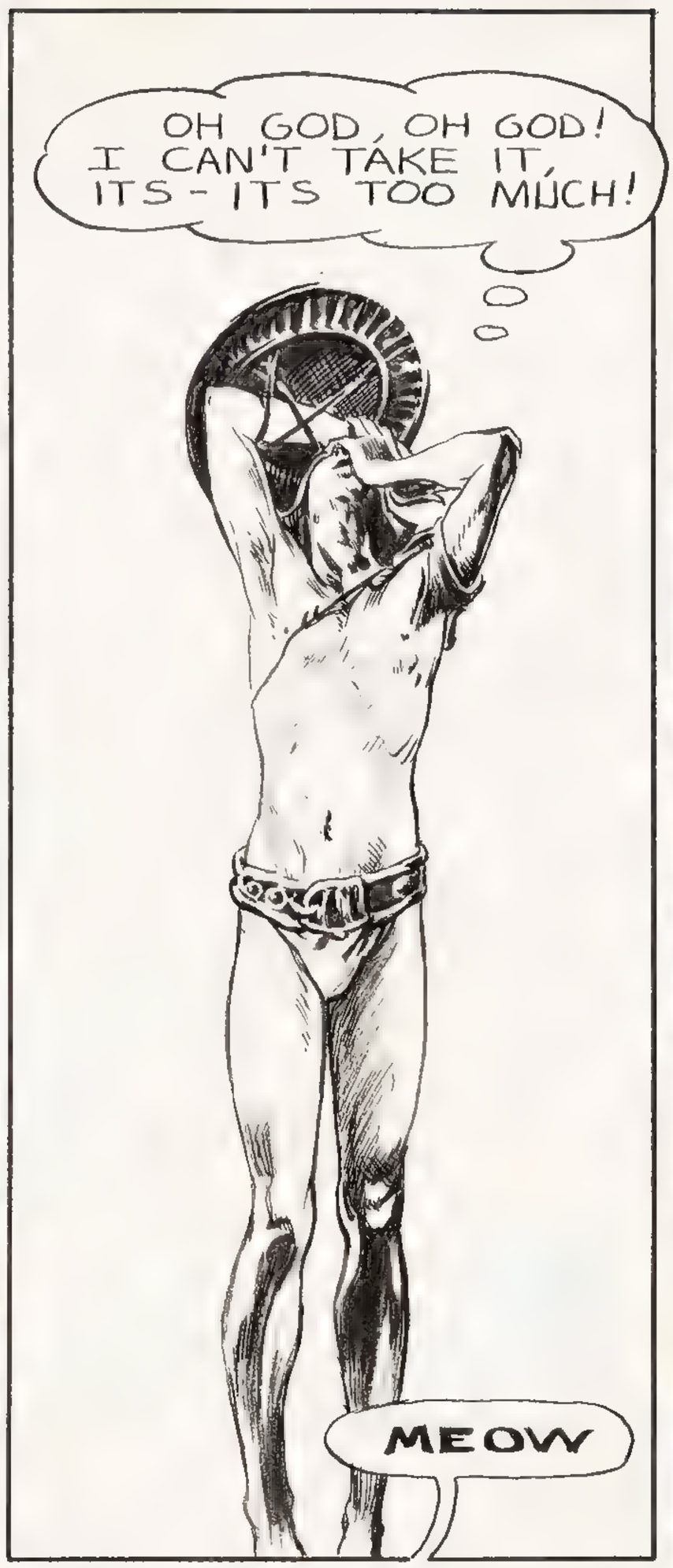
AS YOUR SANITY LEAPS OVER THE EDGE, THE LANDSCAPE TURNS TO MUSH. SWAMP SEEPS UP WHERE MINUTES AGO THE CITY STOOD.

WITHIN THE SWAMPLAND REALITY, YOU SUDDENLY FIND YOURSELF GARBED IN A LOIN CLOTH, AND ARMED WITH A SWORD AND SHIELD...

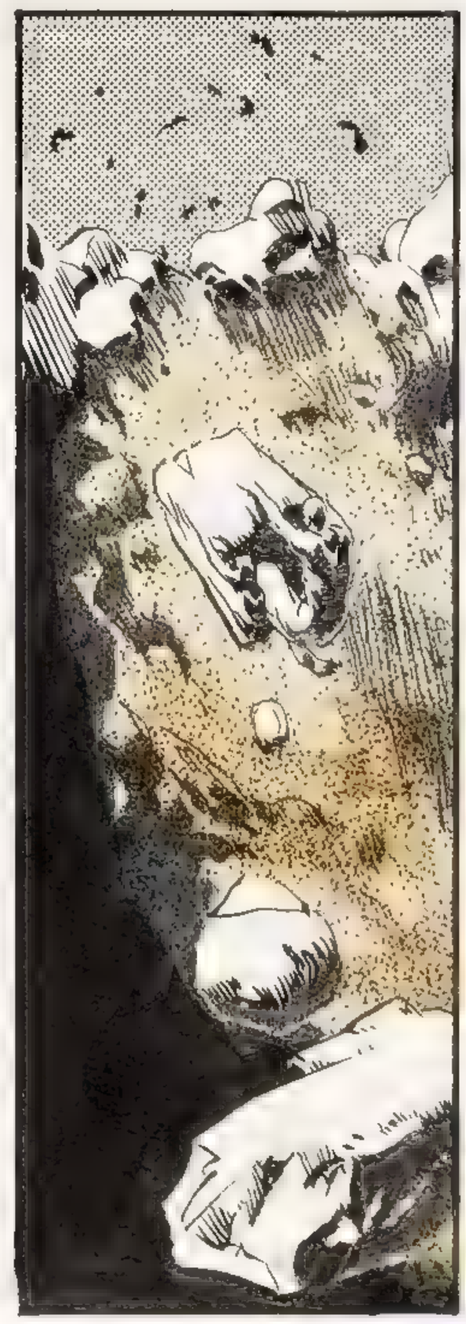
FOR, UNLIKE THE CITY'S DESOLATE SHADOWS, THIS SWAMP IS A HOTBED OF WILDLIFE, AND THE STINK OF PREHISTORIC TEETH CAUSES YOU TO GASP IN DREAD

Imaged by Heritage Auctions, HA.com

SLIMY FANGS GLINT LIKE BROKEN PILLARS BENEATH A BLUISH SUN... YOUR MIND IS MANGLED... YOU CAN FEEL A DOZEN SCREAMS FROZEN IN YOUR THROAT...



THE KITTEN HAS SHATTERED, HARVEY JUST LIKE YOUR MIND! AND, AS IF THAT'S NOT ENOUGH, THE VERY GROUND YOU STAND ON FALLS AWAY, AND YOU FIND YOURSELF ON A ONE-WAY TRIP... TO **HELL!**

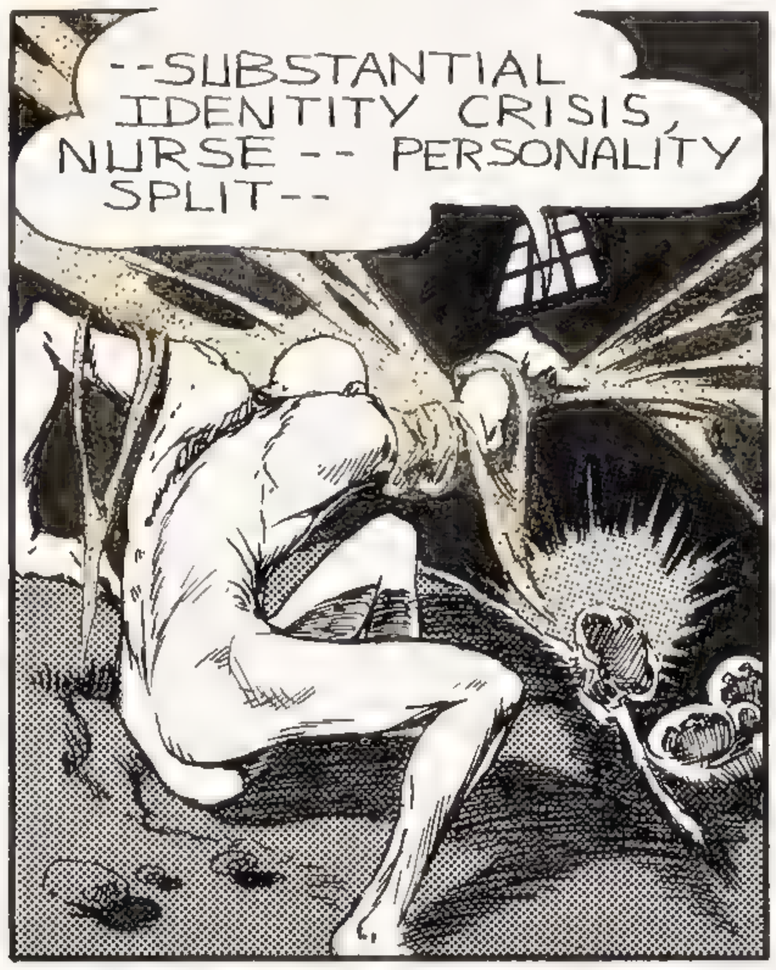


Imaged by Heritage Auctions, HA.com

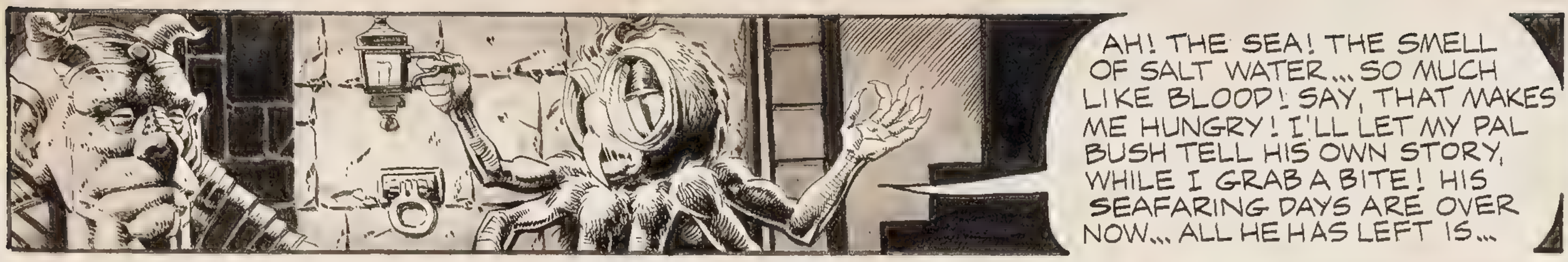
UNTIL FINALLY EVEN YOUR SCREAMS FADE OUT...

FOR AN ETERNITY THE SILENCE LIES HEAVY ON YOU -- THEN, VOICES

FROM DEEP WITHIN THE CORE OF MINDLESS FEAR, A GLIMMER OF HOPE!



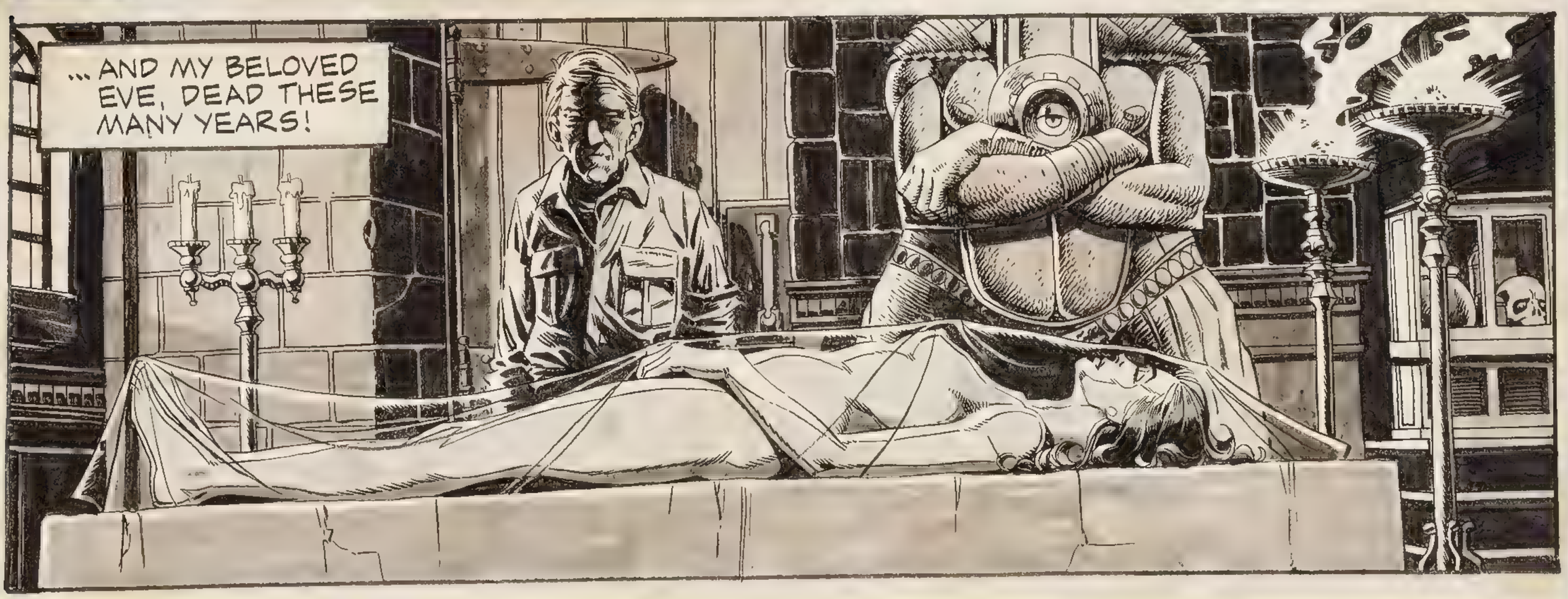
Imaged by Heritage Auctions, HA.com



THE IDOL PROPHECY

WHEN I WAS YOUNG, AND FULL OF HOPE, THE WORLD WAS MY PLAYTHING, AND I USED IT AS SUCH. FROM FRANZ JOSEPH LAND TO PRINCESS MARTHA LAND I TRAVELLED, FROM THE CARAGADOS ISLANDS TO NEW HEBRIDES, TO EVERY CORNER OF THE WORLD. NOW I AM NO LONGER YOUNG, AND I HAVE LOST MY TASTE FOR ADVENTURE. THERE ARE ONLY TWO THINGS OF VALUE TO ME... THE OMNIPOTENT IDOL, M'TRESE-

REESE

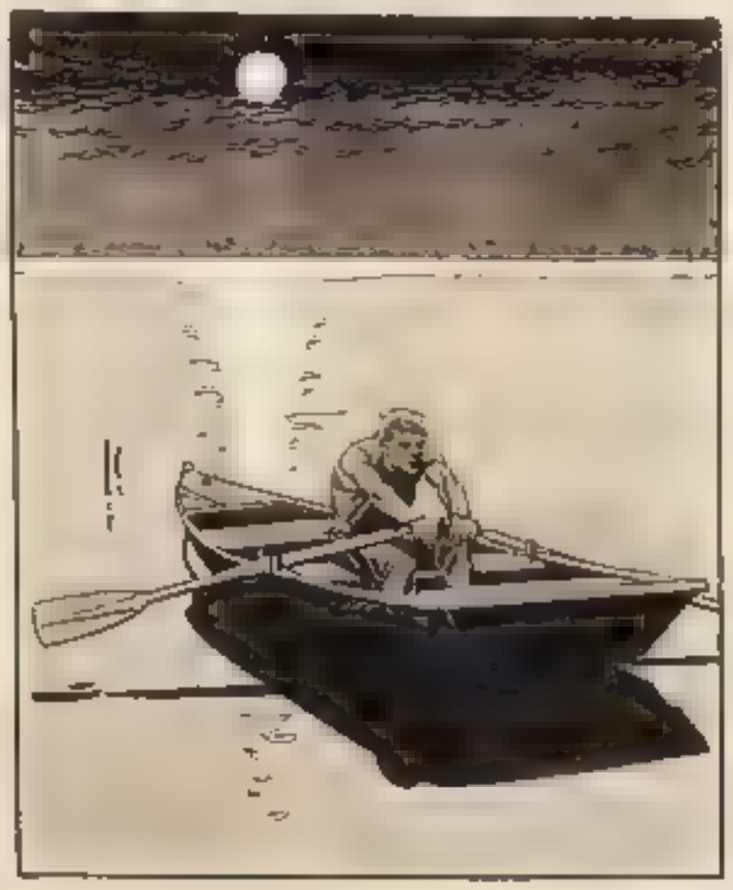


Imaged by Heritage Auctions, HA.com

IT WAS ON AN UNCHARTED ISLAND IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC, WELL TO THE SOUTH AND EAST OF NEW CALEDONIA, THAT I WAS GIVEN M'TRESE. I DARE-SAY I COULD NEVER FIND IT AGAIN...
LAND AHOY!
A PLAGUE HAD STRUCK THE ISLAND KILLING MANY OF THE INHABITANTS. I WAS FORTUNATE ENOUGH TO HAVE MEDICINES ON BOARD TO SUBDUE IT...
SOME OF THIS, AND YOU'LL BE BACK ON YOUR FEET IN NO TIME!
IN SPITE OF THEIR GRATITUDE, THE NATIVES WERE UNWILLING TO GIVE ME M'TRESE, THE GREAT GOD OF STONE. BUT IT WAS SAID THAT M'TRESE HIMSELF ASKED TO ACCOMPANY ME, OUT OF GRATITUDE FOR SAVING HIS PEOPLE!
AND THROUGH THESE LONG YEARS, EVEN THROUGH EVE'S DEATH, M'TRESE HAS GUIDED ME. HIS WORDS ARE RARE, BUT ALWAYS FULL OF MEANING. I CANNOT HEAR HIS VOICE IN SOUNDS, BUT RATHER IN THOUGHT PATTERNS PULSING THROUGH MY BRAIN...
IT IS NOT MY IMAGINATION... M'TRESE IS REAL AND I AM CONFIDENT HE WILL HELP ME SOMEDAY. WHEN THAT DAY COMES I WILL WALK AGAIN HAND IN HAND WITH MY BELOVED EVE...

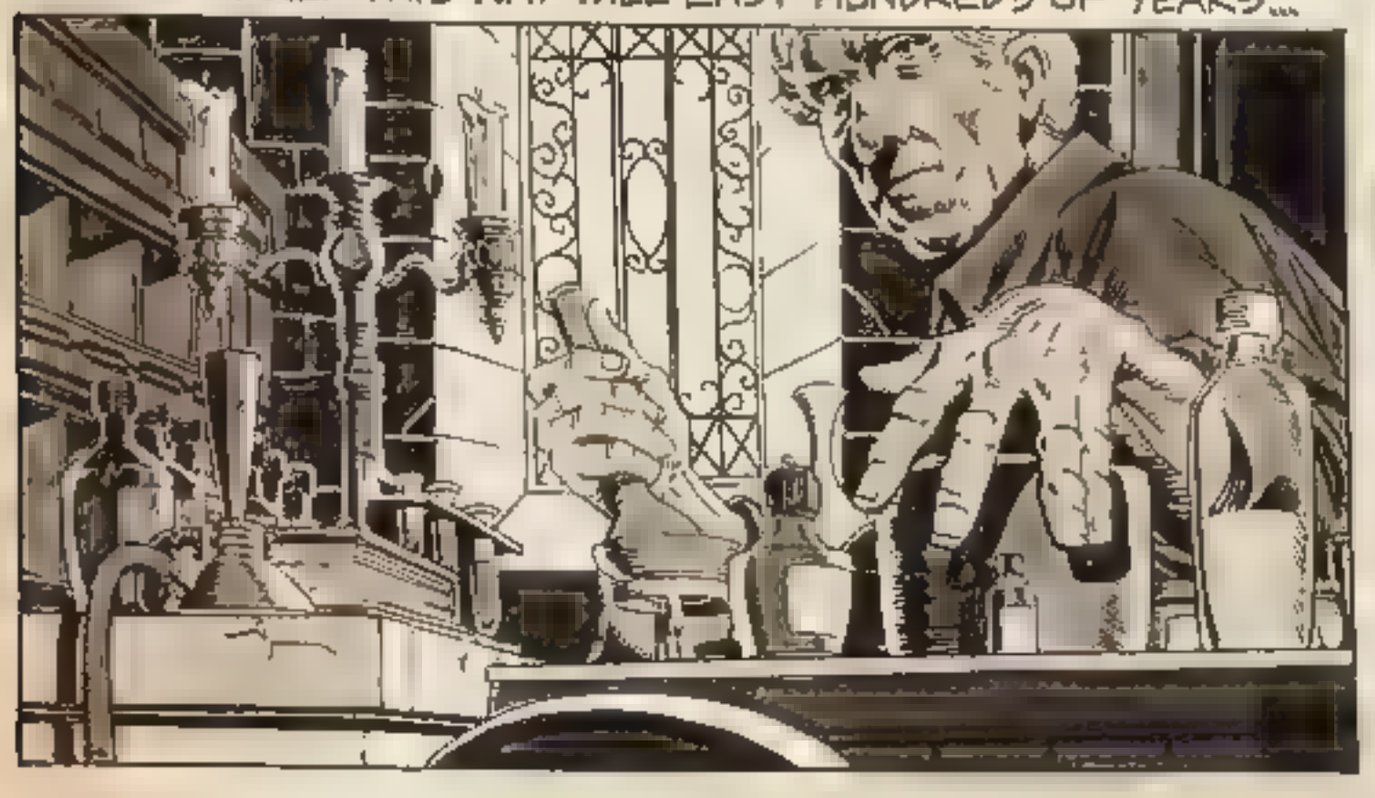
I TOLD HER TO ALWAYS WAKE ME WHEN SHE WANTED TO SWIM AT NIGHT, BUT I WOULD HEAR HER SOMETIMES, TRYING TO SLIP FROM THE BED, UNWILLING TO DISTURB MY SLUMBER. THERE WAS ONLY ONE NIGHT I DID NOT WAKE... THE NIGHT SHE DIED.

WHEN I KNEW SHE MUST BE DEAD, I WENT OUT IN A BOAT TO FIND THE BODY MYSELF. I KNEW THAT IF THEY FOUND HER BODY, THEY WOULD DRAIN HER BLOOD, ENBALM HER, AND BURY HER DEEP IN THE EARTH. I COULD NOT ALLOW THAT...

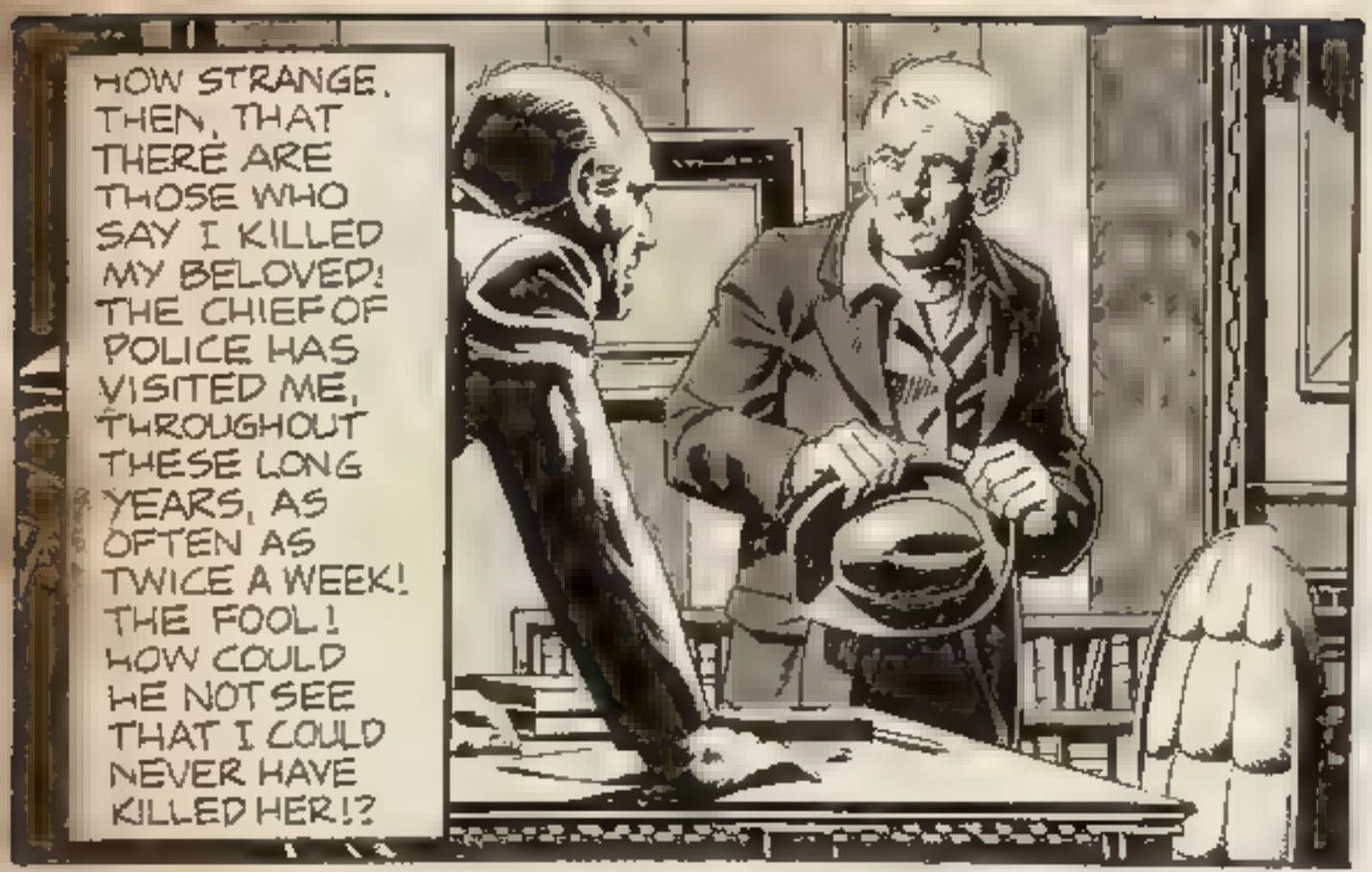


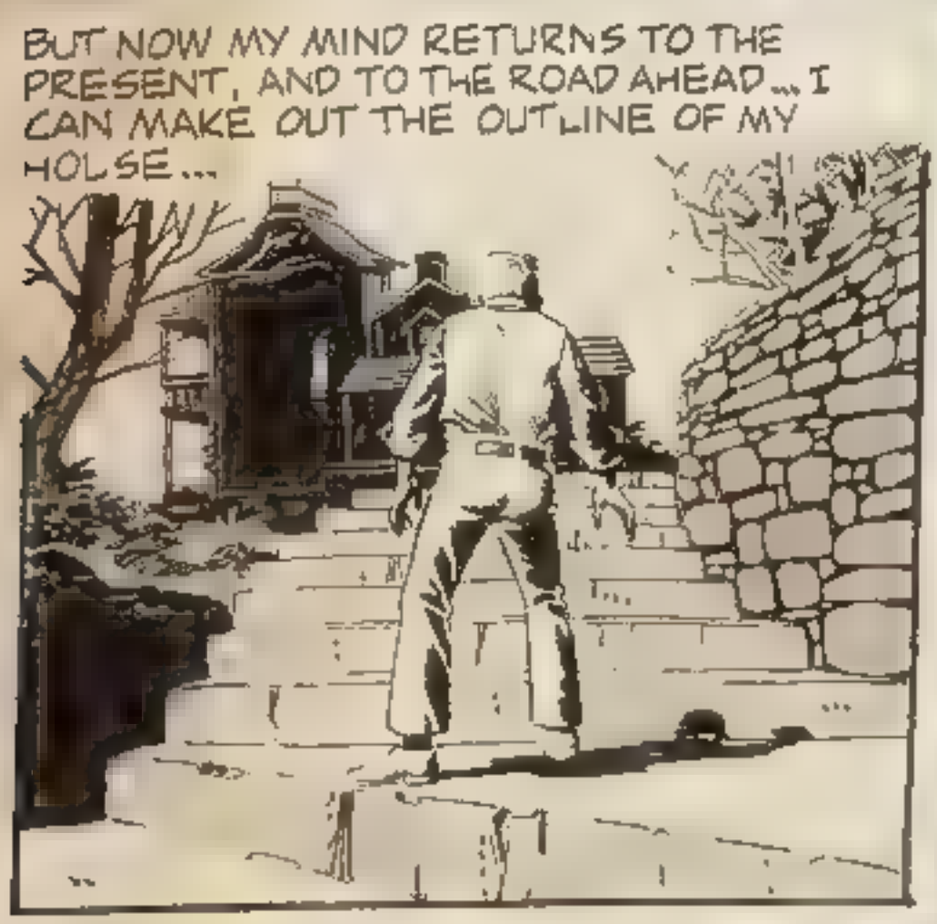
I FOUND HER BODY AFTER MANY HOURS OF SEARCHING. I LIFTED HER INTO THE ROWBOAT...

I BROUGHT HER BODY BACK, AND HID IT IN THE CELLAR... I HAD LEARNED MANY THINGS IN MY TRAVELS, AND I PREPARED A SPECIAL JELLY TO PRESERVE HER. THEN, I WRAPPED HER IN PLASTIC, AN IMPROVEMENT OVER THE ANIMAL SKINS USED BY THE NATIVES. IT IS SAID THAT A BODY PREPARED THIS WAY WILL LAST HUNDREDS OF YEARS...



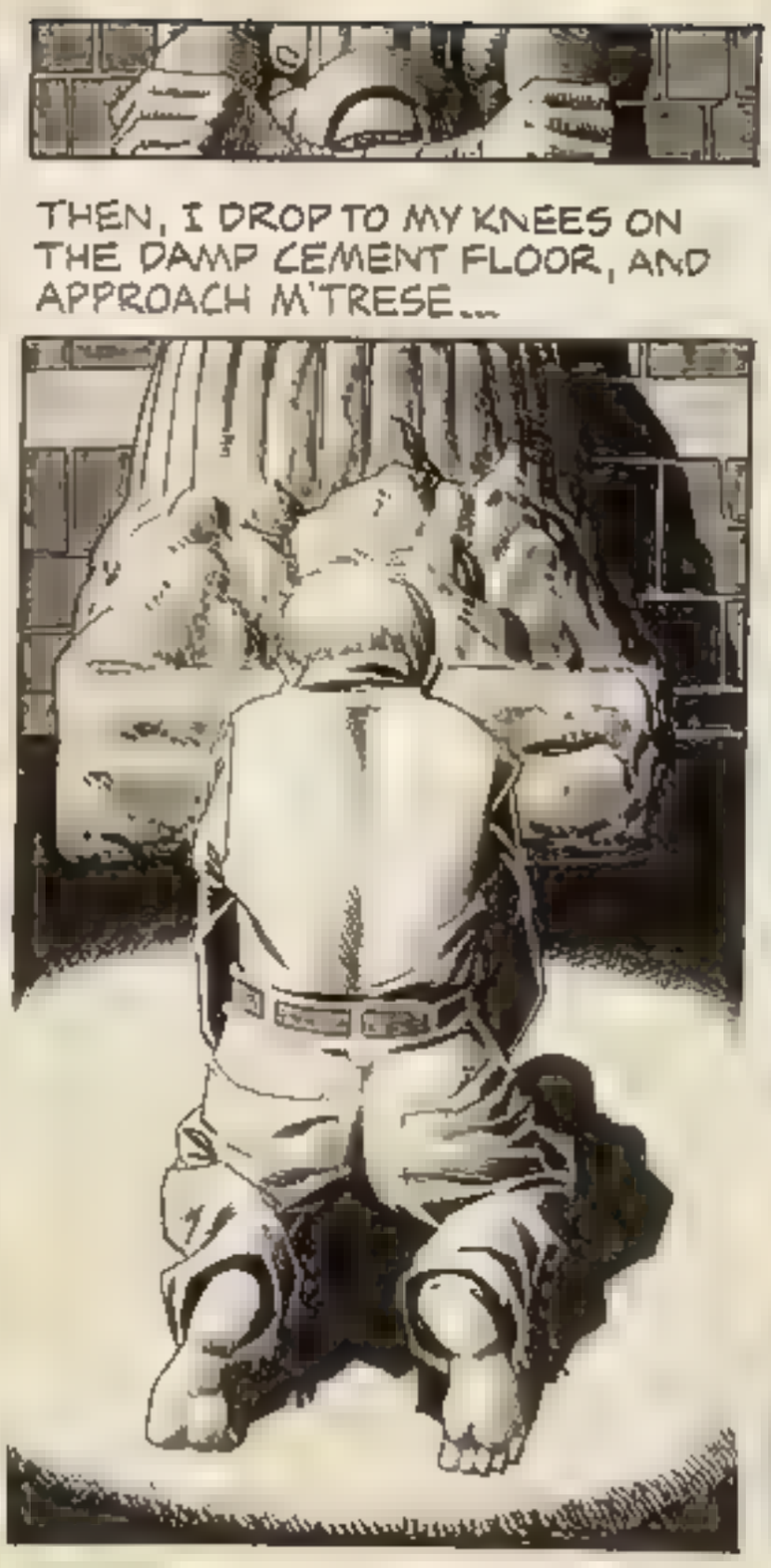
NOW IT IS UP TO M'TRESE... I MUST HAVE FAITH, IT IS ALL I HAVE LEFT! FOR MANY YEARS SHE HAS LAIN THIS WAY...



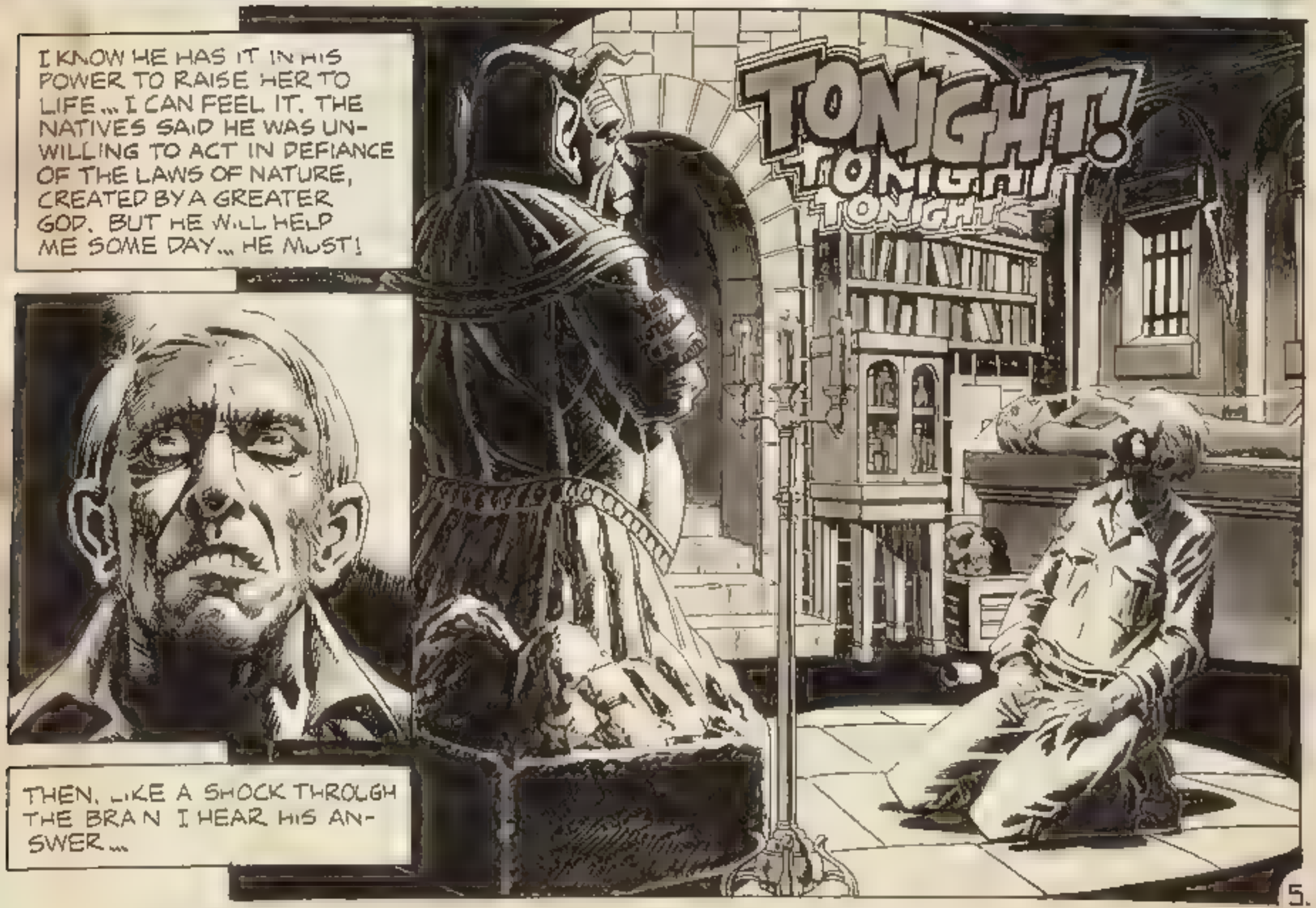


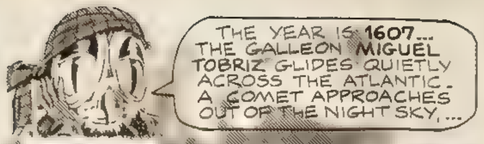
MY SIDE THROBS WITH PAIN. I IGNORE IT. PHYSICAL PAIN I CAN STAND. IT IS THE OTHER, THE PAIN IN MY SOUL, THAT DRIVES ME...

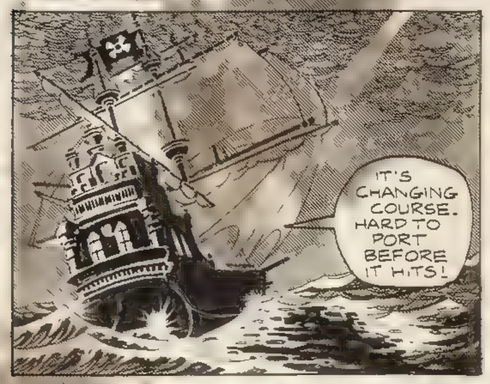
ONCE INSIDE, I LIGHT A CANDLE WITH FUMBLING FINGERS. M'TRESE DISKES ELECTRIC LIGHT... I SENSED THAT LONG AGO.


THEN, I DROP TO MY KNEES ON THE DAMP CEMENT FLOOR, AND APPROACH M'TRESE...

WHEN I REACH HIM, I TOUCH MY HEAD TO HIS STONE BASE AND BEG...
M'TRESE! WHEN WILL I BE UNITED WITH MY PRECIOUS EVE?


I KNOW HE HAS IT IN HIS POWER TO RAISE HER TO LIFE... I CAN FEEL IT. THE NATIVES SAID HE WAS UNWILLING TO ACT IN DEFIANCE OF THE LAWS OF NATURE, CREATED BY A GREATER GOD. BUT HE WILL HELP ME SOME DAY... HE MUST!
TONIGHT!
TONIGHT
TONIGHT
THEN, LIKE A SHOCK THROUGH THE BRAIN I HEAR HIS ANSWER...





THE *MIGUEL TOBRIZ* IS REPORTED LOST AT SEA. TRAGIC, BUT ROUTINE. THE WORLD IS DESTINED TO REMAIN BLIND TO WHAT REALLY HAPPENED, UNTIL ...

Craftint BLUE ON SHADING MEDIUMS

DOUBLETONE No. 212
2 INVISIBLE SHADES, LIGHT and DARK
1. Craftint No. 31 brings up dark shading. Developer No. 32 brings up light shading. Developers may be used in any sequence.
2. It is advisable to use a different brush or pen for each developer. Use only clean brushes or pens.
3. Blot developer dry before applying the other.
4. Follow directions on developer bottle.

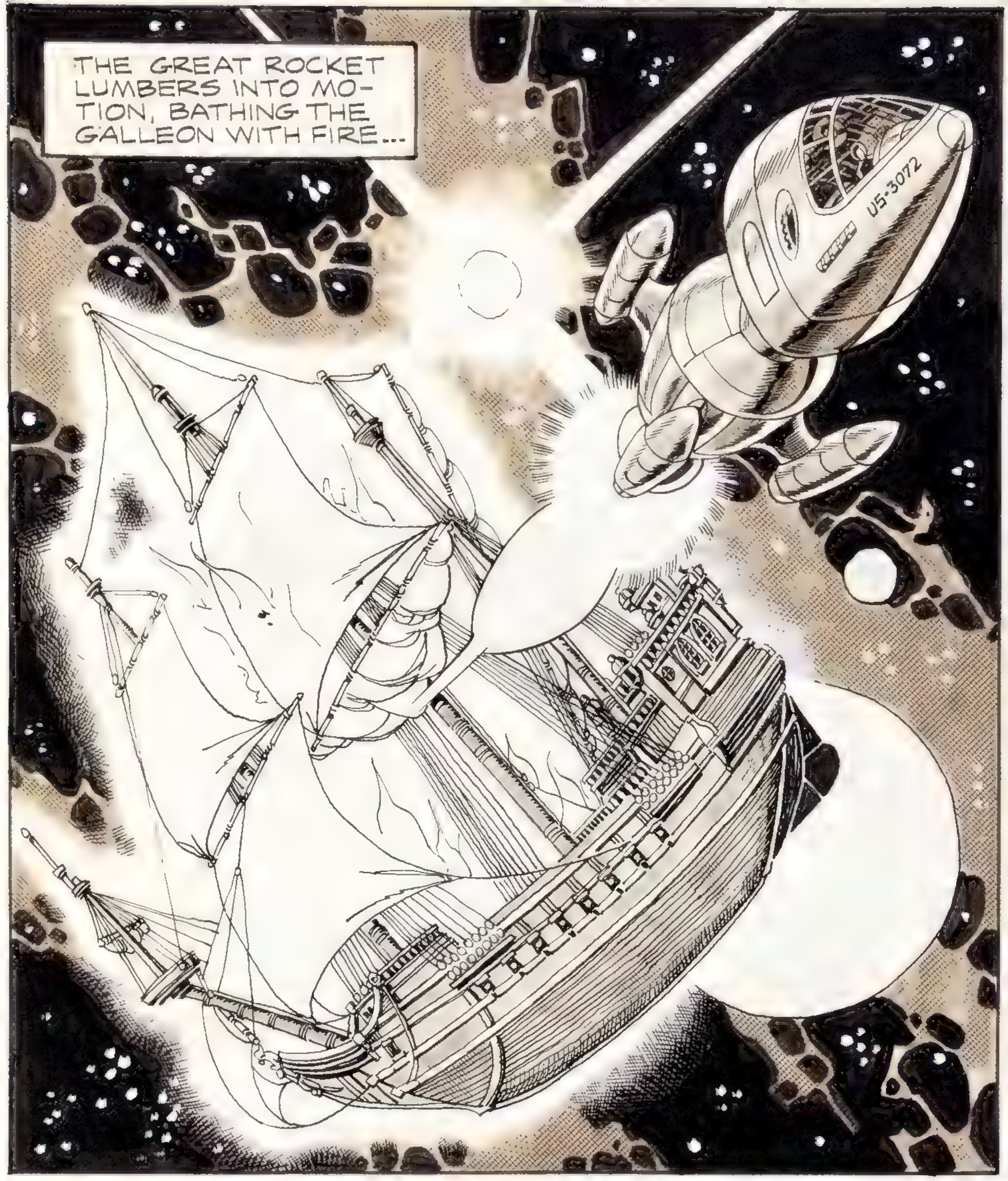
The Craftint Mfg. Company
18501 Euclid Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio 44112

Craftint BLUE ON SHADING MEDIUMS

DOUBLETONE No. 212
2 INVISIBLE SHADES, LIGHT and DARK
1. Craftint No. 31 brings up dark shading. Developer No. 32 brings up light shading. Developers may be used in any sequence.
2. It is advisable to use a different brush or pen for each developer. Use only clean brushes or pens.
3. Blot developer dry before applying the other.
4. Follow directions on developer bottle.

The Craftint Mfg. Company
18501 Euclid Avenue
Cleveland, Ohio 44112

Imaged by Heritage Auctions, HA.com



THE PROMETHEUS 19 WAS REPORTED LOST IN SPACE. THE WORLD WAS BLIND TO WHAT HAD HAPPENED UNTIL SPLASHDOWN OCCURRED IN THE ATLANTIC MONTHS LATER. BY THEN IT WAS TOO LATE, FAR TOO LATE --- DON'T YOU SEE?

Imaged by Heritage Auctions, HA.com

NIGHT RUNS IN LITTLE RILLS ACROSS YOUR WINDSHIELD, THE RAIN STREAMS AROUND YOU, BLURING THE WAY. TURNING THE COUNTRYSIDE INTO A DULL, SHAPELESS **GREY**..

EASY, EASY NOW! GOT TO REMEMBER I'VE GOT A **SCHIZO CASE** NEXT TO ME...GOT TO TAKE IT ALL **EASY!**

NORMAN

LOOK AT THE MAN NEXT TO YOU, DOCTOR HAMILTON! LOOK AT THE HARD, TERRIFIED LINES OF HIS FACE...THE PREMATURE GREY... LOOK AT THE EYES FILLED WITH NAKED **FEAR!**

DOC, DOC, I CAN FEEL IT...I CAN FEEL IT HAPPENING AGAIN...OH, GOD, DOC...

TAKE IT EASY, CHESTER WE'LL BE THERE SOON! YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT, NOT A THING IN THE WORLD...

I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU...**GOOD** CARE...

THE ROAD MOVES IN UNSEEN TURNS...YOU STRUGGLE WITH THE WHEEL AS IT BUCKS UNDER YOUR HANDS...

THEY SHOULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT THESE ROADS ...I'LL BE LUCKY IF I DON'T BREAK **BOTH** OUR NECKS...

THAT FOOL, CHESTERFIELD ...WAKING ME IN THE MIDDLE OF THE **NIGHT**...

... AND SUDDENLY YOU **LOSE CONTROL!**

CRASH!

Imaged by Heritage Auctions, HA.com

THE BITE OF THE SYRINGE AGAINST YOUR ARM BRINGS A MOMENT OF LUCIDITY TO YOUR MIND ...THE COBWEBS FALL AWAY...
TRANSFUSION... TRANSFUSION? BUT WHO...WHO...
HE'S COMING AROUND AGAIN, DOCTOR... HIS HEAD'S BURNING WITH FEVER!
YOU WERE TYPE AB NEGATIVE, DOCTOR...ONE OF THE RAREST! WE WERE LUCKY TO FIND SOMEONE WITH YOUR BLOOD TYPE...EVEN IF HE WAS ALREADY DEAD!
BUT WHO.. WHO...
THE MAN IN THE CAR WITH YOU...
CHESTERFIELD! NOoo! NOT HIM!
AND THEN, BLACKNESS WRAPS YOU IN ITS FOLDS, ITS HIDEOUS, ENVELOPING FOLDS OF SEMI-DEATH, AND YOU SLEEP...
NO-NOoo, NOT HIM...NOT CHESTERFIELD... NOT... CHESTERF..
...TORTURED WITH NIGHTMARES!
NO, NO! IT'S NOT TRUE ...IT CAN'T BE TRUE...
YES, DOCTOR.. YES! YOU KILLED ME.. AND YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW, DON'T YOU? YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN NOW!
3

MORNING'S LIGHT BRINGS AN END TO YOUR NIGHT-MARES...OR HAVE THEY JUST **BEGUN?**

WELL? ARE YOU GOING TO TELL ME ABOUT IT? THE NIGHT NURSE SAID SHE COULD HEAR YOU SCREAMING ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE **WARD!**

I HAVE NOTHING .. TO SAY. NOTHING

ALL RIGHT THEN .THERE'LL HAVE TO BE AN INVESTIGATION, OF COURSE...

AN INVESTIGATION?

OF COURSE...THERE ARE A FEW QUESTIONS THAT NEED ANSWERS, DOCTOR HAMILTON...

ANSWERS? I HAVE NO ANSWERS... FOR THINGS THAT ARE **UNANSWERABLE!** THE SUPERNATURAL ...THE OCCULT...THEY'RE ALL BEYOND ME...

I SUPPOSE...IT WOULD BE BEST TO START WITH THE FIRST TIME I **MET** MR. CHESTERFIELD...

WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?

"IT WAS NIGHT...I CAN REMEMBER THAT, EVEN THOUGH IT SEEMS SO LONG AGO! I HAD BEEN SLEEPING, WHEN MY DOORBELL RANG..."

YES, YES... JUST A MOMENT, I'M COMING.

BRRRINNNG RINGRING

GOOD LORD!

PLEASE... PLEASE, YOU'VE GOT TO LET ME IN ...GOT TO HELP ME...

ons, HA.com

"HE LOOKED LIKE SOMETHING DRAGGED FROM HELL! I HELPED HIM INSIDE, AND I NOTICED THAT HIS CLOTHES STANK OF SOME WILD ANIMAL!"

ARE YOU HURT? DO YOU FEEL PAIN?

FEEL FINE NOW! NO-NO LASTING EFFECTS.. NO LASTING EFFECTS..

OH, GOD

NO, NO DOCTOR NOTHING TO DRINK, NOTHING

I I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING, DOCTOR BUT, YOU MUST BELIEVE WHAT I'M GOING TO TELL YOU... IN THE NAME OF GOD, YOU MUST BELIEVE ME..

WHAT IS IT, MAN? WHAT'S WRONG?

"AND THEN I SAW IT..."

THE SIGN OF THE PENTAGRAM!

DO YOU RECOGNIZE IT, DOCTOR? DOES IT MEAN ANYTHING TO YOU?

GOOD LORD... THAT'S THE LEGENDARY SIGN OF THE WEREWOLF! BUT...

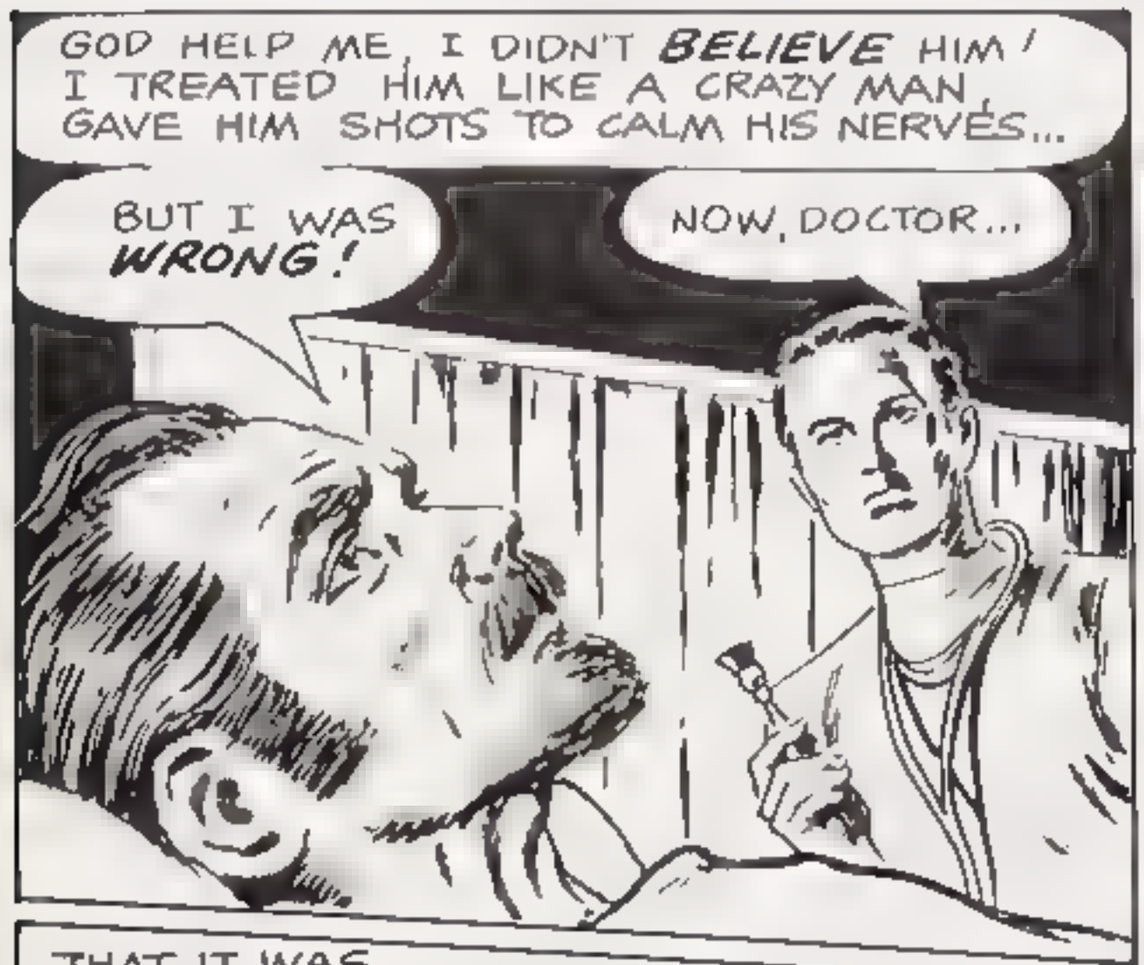
THAT'S RIGHT, DOCTOR .. THE WEREWOLF!

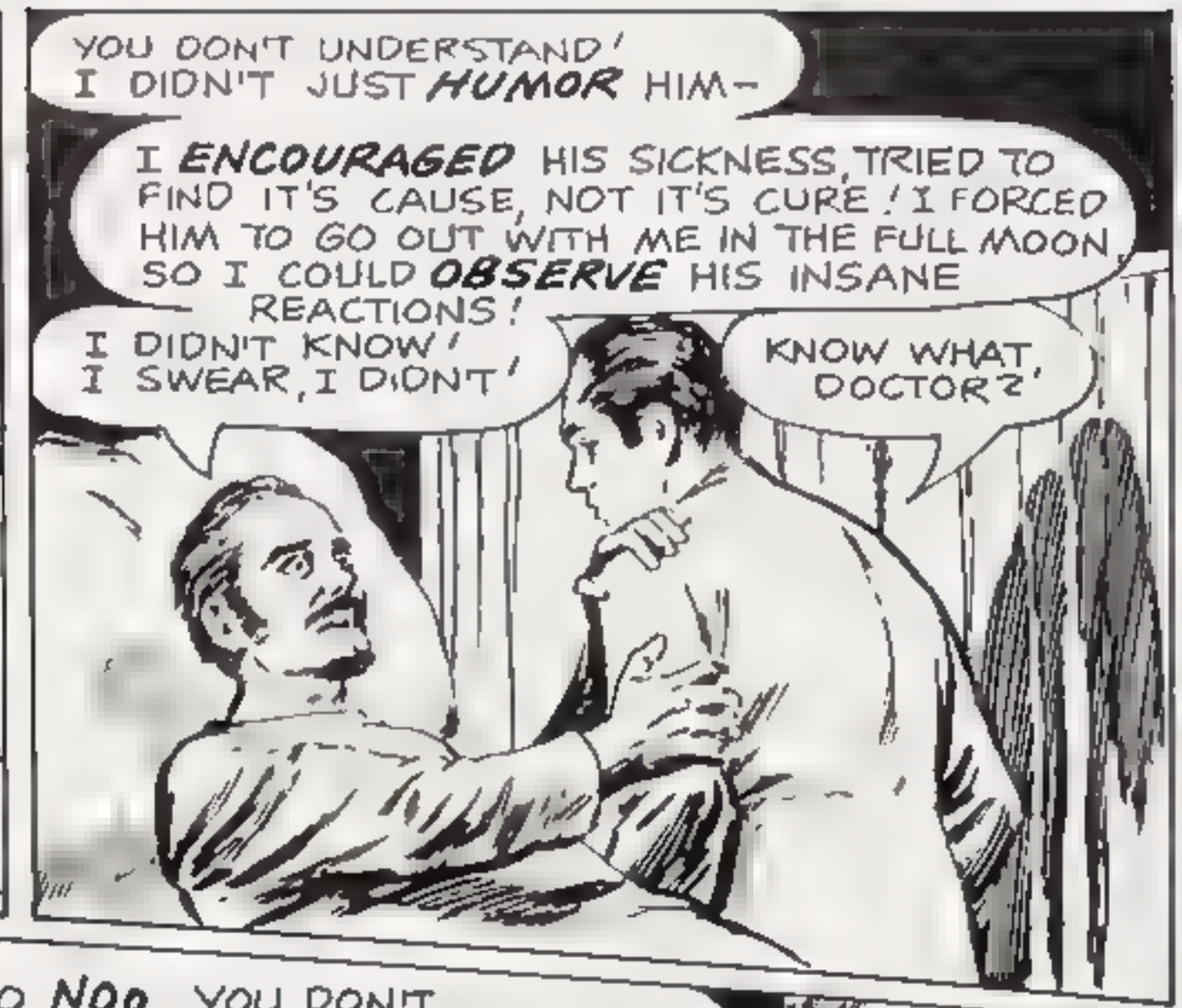
YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS!

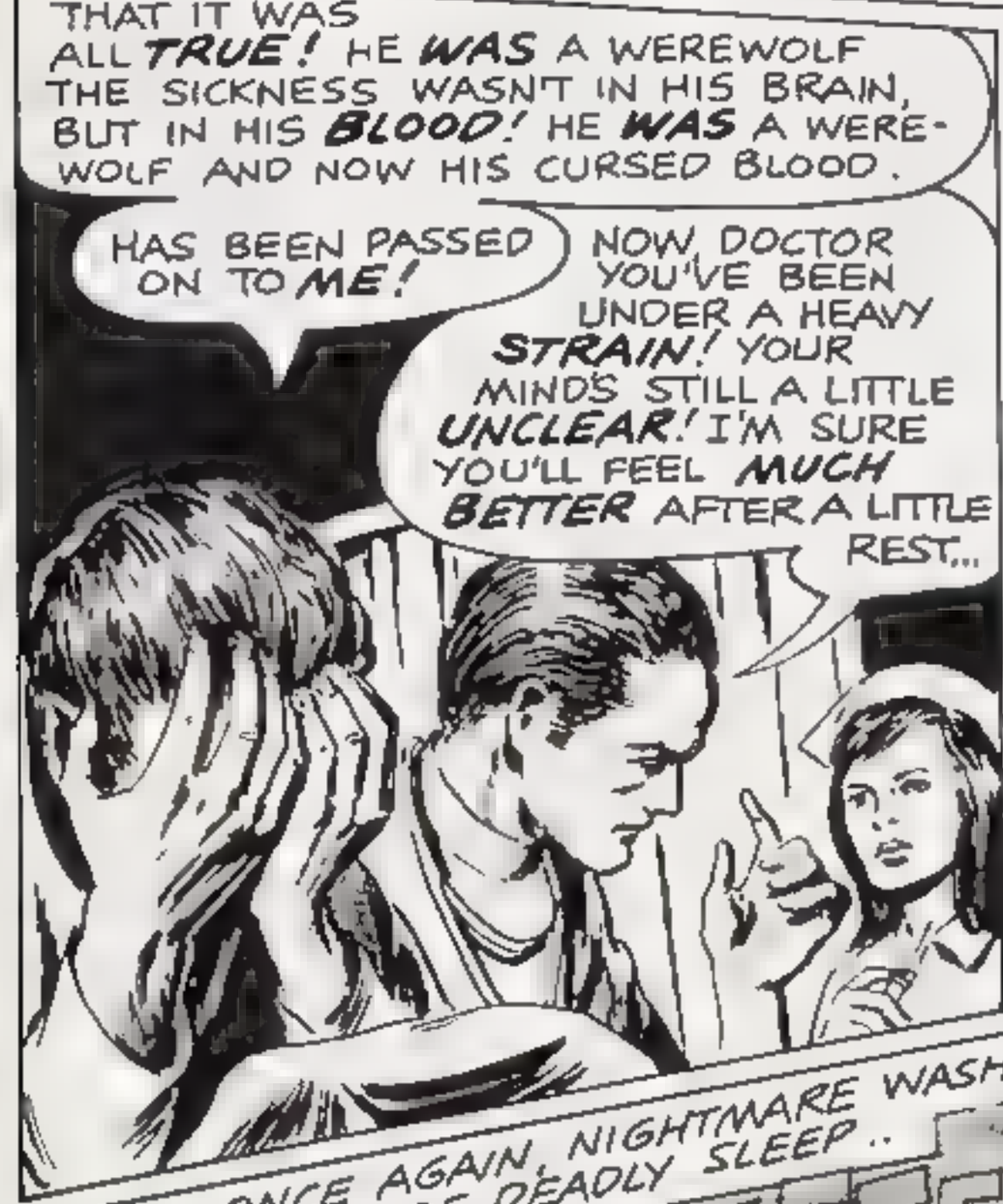
LYCANTROPHY... A DISEASE OF THE BLOOD THAT TURNS MEN INTO BEASTS UNDER THE LIGHT OF A FULL MOON... A CURSE, THAT DOOMS THE SOUL TO BURN FOREVER IN HELL!

"WHEN HE LOOKED AT ME.. I SAW IN HIS EYES A LIGHT. A LIGHT OF SMOULDERING EVIL HELD IN CHECK BY SHEER FORCE OF WILL..."

SERIOUS, DOCTOR? I'M DEAD SERIOUS!


GOD HELP ME, I DIDN'T BELIEVE HIM! I TREATED HIM LIKE A CRAZY MAN, GAVE HIM SHOTS TO CALM HIS NERVES...
BUT I WAS WRONG!
NOW, DOCTOR...


YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! I DIDN'T JUST HUMOR HIM—
I ENCOURAGED HIS SICKNESS, TRIED TO FIND IT'S CAUSE, NOT IT'S CURE! I FORCED HIM TO GO OUT WITH ME IN THE FULL MOON SO I COULD OBSERVE HIS INSANE REACTIONS!
I DIDN'T KNOW! I SWEAR, I DIDN'T!
KNOW WHAT, DOCTOR?


THAT IT WAS ALL TRUE! HE WAS A WEREWOLF THE SICKNESS WASN'T IN HIS BRAIN, BUT IN HIS BLOOD! HE WAS A WEREWOLF AND NOW HIS CURSED BLOOD.
HAS BEEN PASSED ON TO ME!
NOW, DOCTOR YOU'VE BEEN UNDER A HEAVY STRAIN! YOUR MIND'S STILL A LITTLE UNCLEAR! I'M SURE YOU'LL FEEL MUCH BETTER AFTER A LITTLE REST...

NO, NOO YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND... YOU DON'TTTTT
ARRGH!

AND ONCE AGAIN, NIGHTMARE WASHES YOU BACK, BACK THROUGH THE DREAD CORRIDORS OF DEADLY SLEEP..
EEEEEEYYAAAAHHH!

YOU FEEL SANITY FLOATING AWAY FROM YOU, LEAVING YOU TRAPPED IN THE HORRORS OF A DREAM EXISTENCE THAT IS ALL TOO ***REAL!***

I KNOW, DOCTOR! I KNOW HOW YOU TRICKED ME, PRETENDING TO CURE ME WITH YOUR LIES! YOUR ***LIES!***

IT'S NOT ***TRUE***, CHESTER! YOU KNOW IT'S NOT ***TRUE!***

ISN'T IT, DOCTOR? ***ISN'T IT?***

YOUR LIES ARE NO GOOD NOW, DOCTOR...YOU CAN'T SELL MY SOUL ANYMORE WITH YOUR ***FALSE*** TRICKS!

BYDE

DIE!

DIE!

YOU CAN FEAR...THEY ***ATTACK!***

NO! IN THE NAME OF ALL THAT'S HOLY... NOOOO!

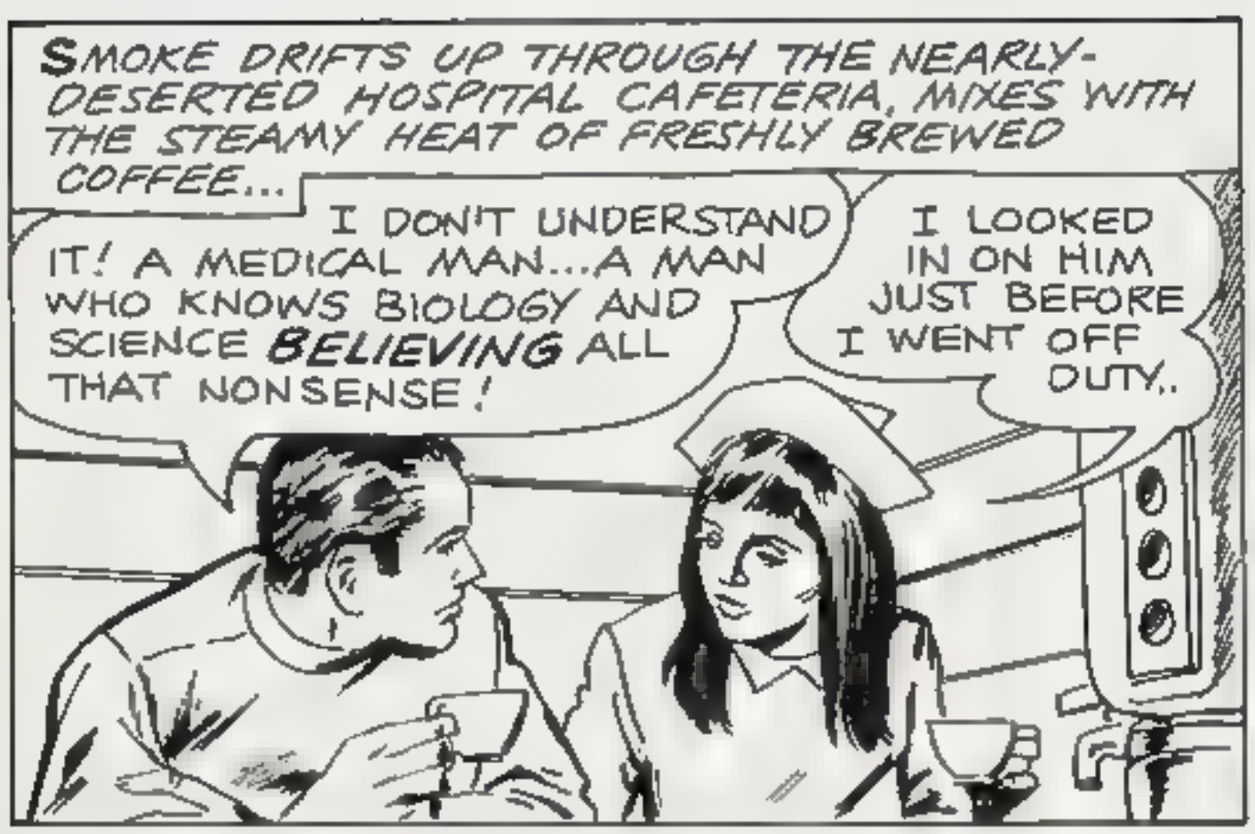
GGGRRRAA

THE STINKING, SOUR SMELL OF ANIMAL HIDE..OF ANIMAL BLOOD...FILLS YOUR NOSTRILS! PAIN SHOOTS THROUGH YOU AS YOU FEEL THE SKIN TORN FROM YOUR ARMS! YOU SCREAM, AN UNHOLY, ENDLESS SCREAM THAT ECHOES THROUGH YOUR MIND!

AAAARRRGGH!

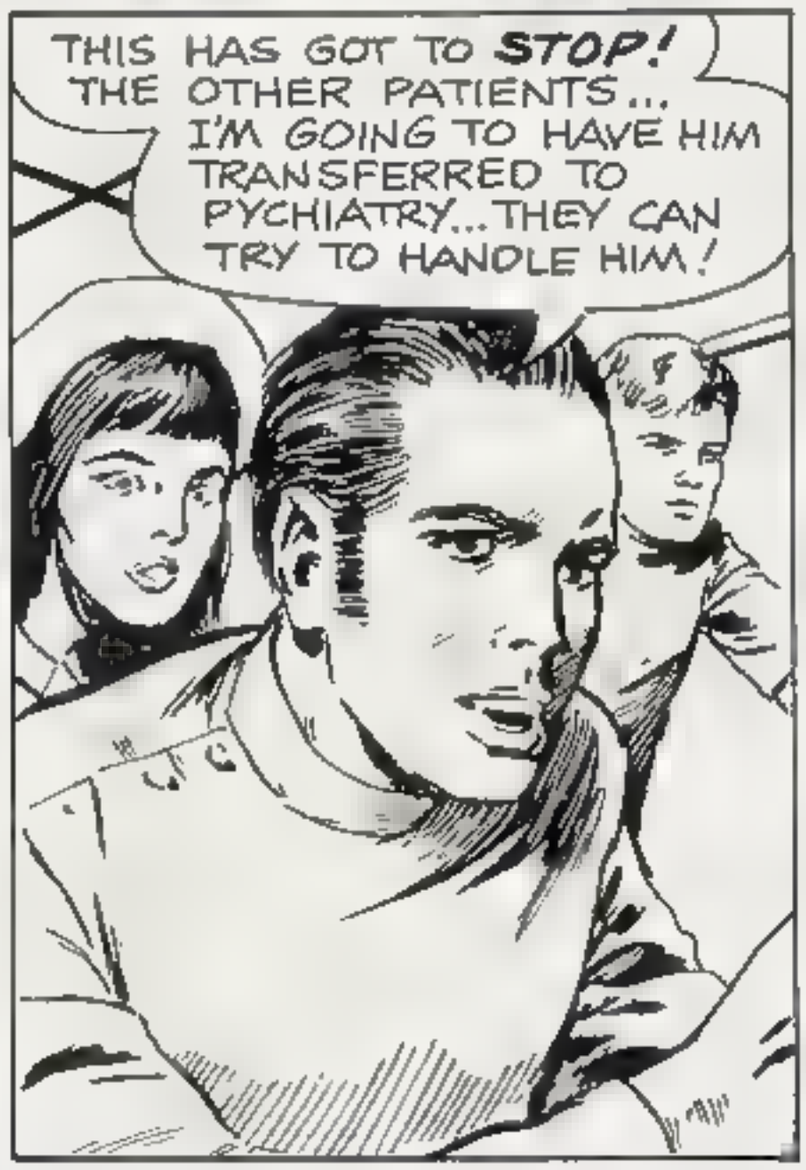
AND THUS IT ALL ENDS!

Imaged by Her


SMOKE DRIFTS UP THROUGH THE NEARLY-DESERTED HOSPITAL CAFETERIA, MIXES WITH THE STEAMY HEAT OF FRESHLY BREWED COFFEE...
I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT! A MEDICAL MAN...A MAN WHO KNOWS BIOLOGY AND SCIENCE BELIEVING ALL THAT NONSENSE!
I LOOKED IN ON HIM JUST BEFORE I WENT OFF DUTY..

..HE SLEEPS LIKE A MADMAN! THE COVERS ALL PULLED OUT...BEDCLOTHES RIPPED... AND THOSE SCREAMS! I SWEAR, DOCTOR... HE'S HEADED FOR THE PYCHO WARD!
NO..NO NOT QUITE! I THINK I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND! HE'S SUFFERING FROM A CLASSIC GUILT COMPLEX!

IT ALL MAKES SENSE! HE BLAMES HIMSELF FOR CHESTERFIELD'S DEATH, AND NOW HIS SUBCONSCIOUS IS TRYING TO MAKE HIM PAY FOR IT...
AAAARRRGGHH!
DOCTOR! THAT'S HAMILTON!


THIS HAS GOT TO STOP! THE OTHER PATIENTS... I'M GOING TO HAVE HIM TRANSFERRED TO PYCHIATRY...THEY CAN TRY TO HANDLE HIM!

STARE, DOCTOR...STARE AT WHAT YOUR MIND WILL NOT LET YOU BELIEVE!
OH MY GOD...
STAY BACK.. DON'T LOOK...

A MAN OF SCIENCE, DOCTOR...AND SCIENCE HAS ALL THE ANSWERS! BUT HOW DOES SCIENCE EXPLAIN THIS? HOW CAN ANY HUMAN HAND PRODUCE...

...CLAW MARKS?

ons, HA.com

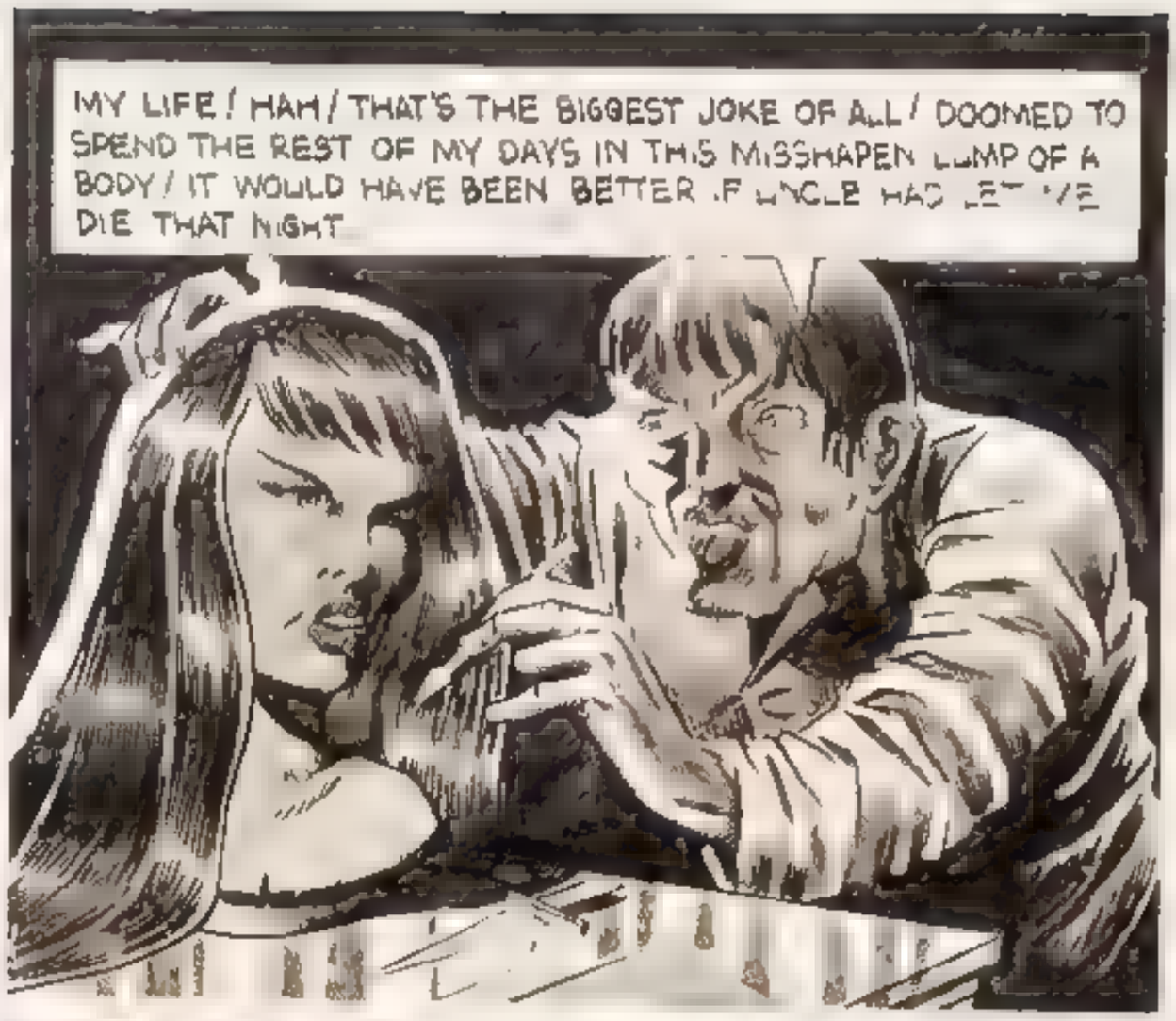
WITHIN THE WALLS OF DURRAND'S HOUSE OF WAX, THE HISTORY OF MANKIND STANDS MUTE AND MOTIONLESS... A SILENT MONUMENT TO HUMANITY'S GREATEST GLORIES AND DIRTIEST DISGRACES! IN THESE SHADOWY ROOMS CAN BE FOUND ALL THAT IS GOOD AND EVIL IN OUR PAST... THE CORONATION OF A KING, SIDE BY SIDE WITH HIS END BENEATH THE HEADSMAN'S CRUEL AXE! FACES OF JOY, FACES OF SORROW, ALL MOLDED BY THE UNCANNY HAND OF CHARLES DURRAND... **THE WAX MASTER!**

IT'S INCREDIBLE! IF I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE WAX, I WOULD SWEAR I COULD SEE THEM BREATHING!

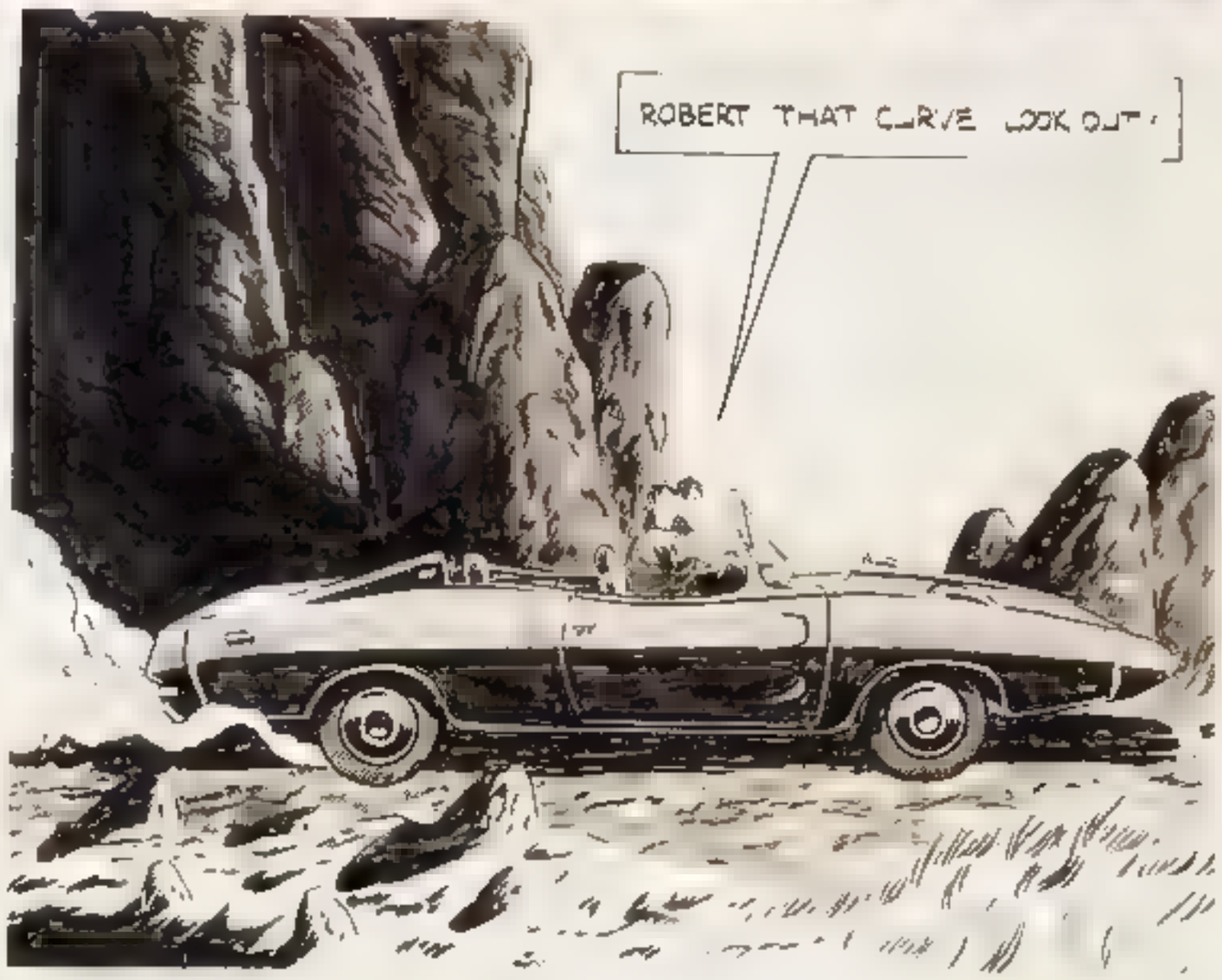
SO REAL! THE MAN IS A GENIUS!

wayne howard

Imaged by Heritage Auctions, HA.com



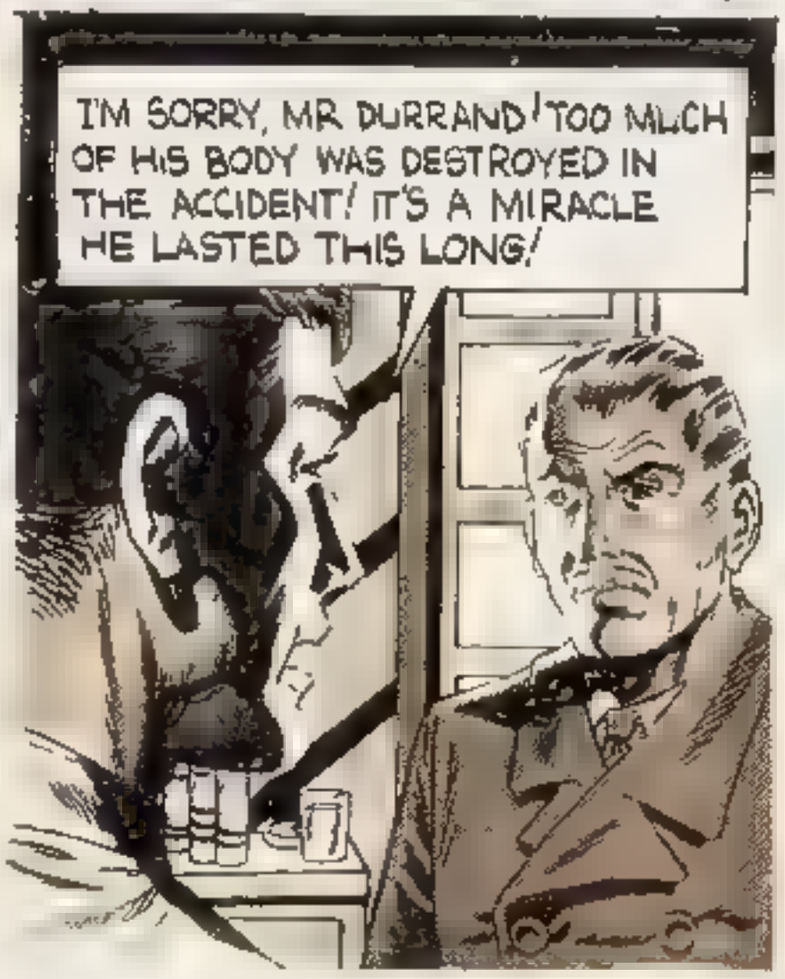
ROBERTS THOUGHTS DRIFT BACK THREE YEARS TO A HAPPY NIGHT ON A LONELY MOUNTAIN ROAD.

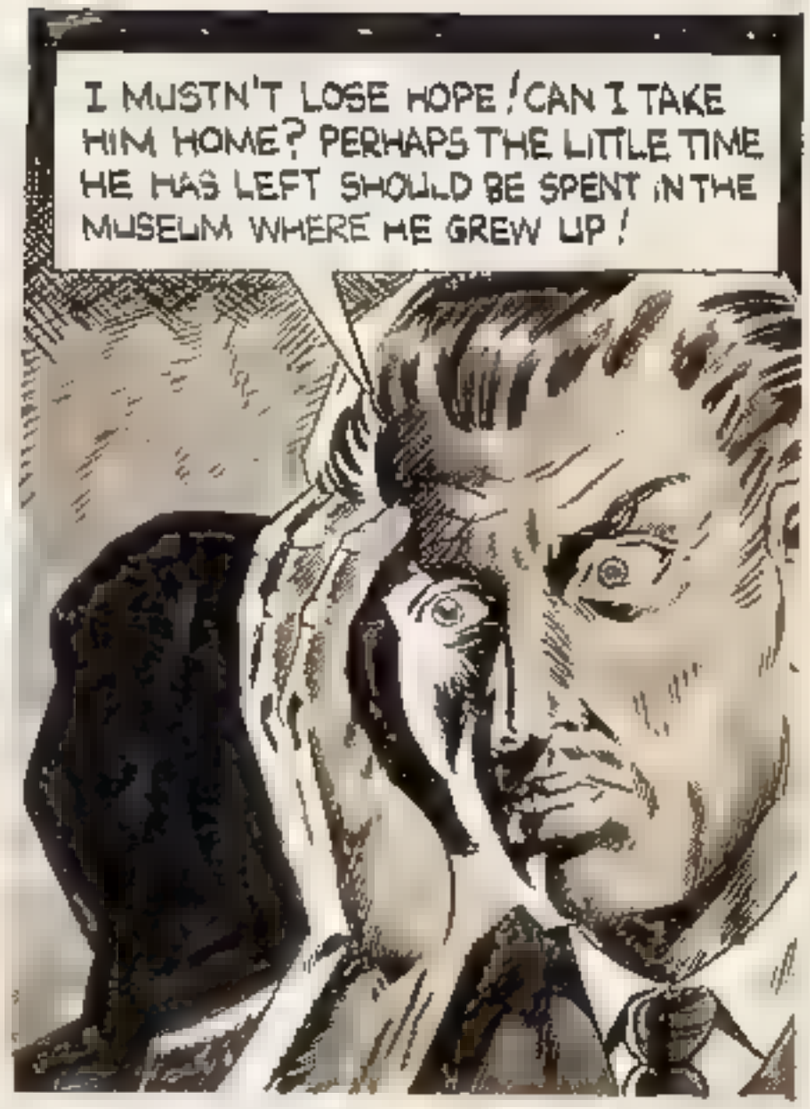


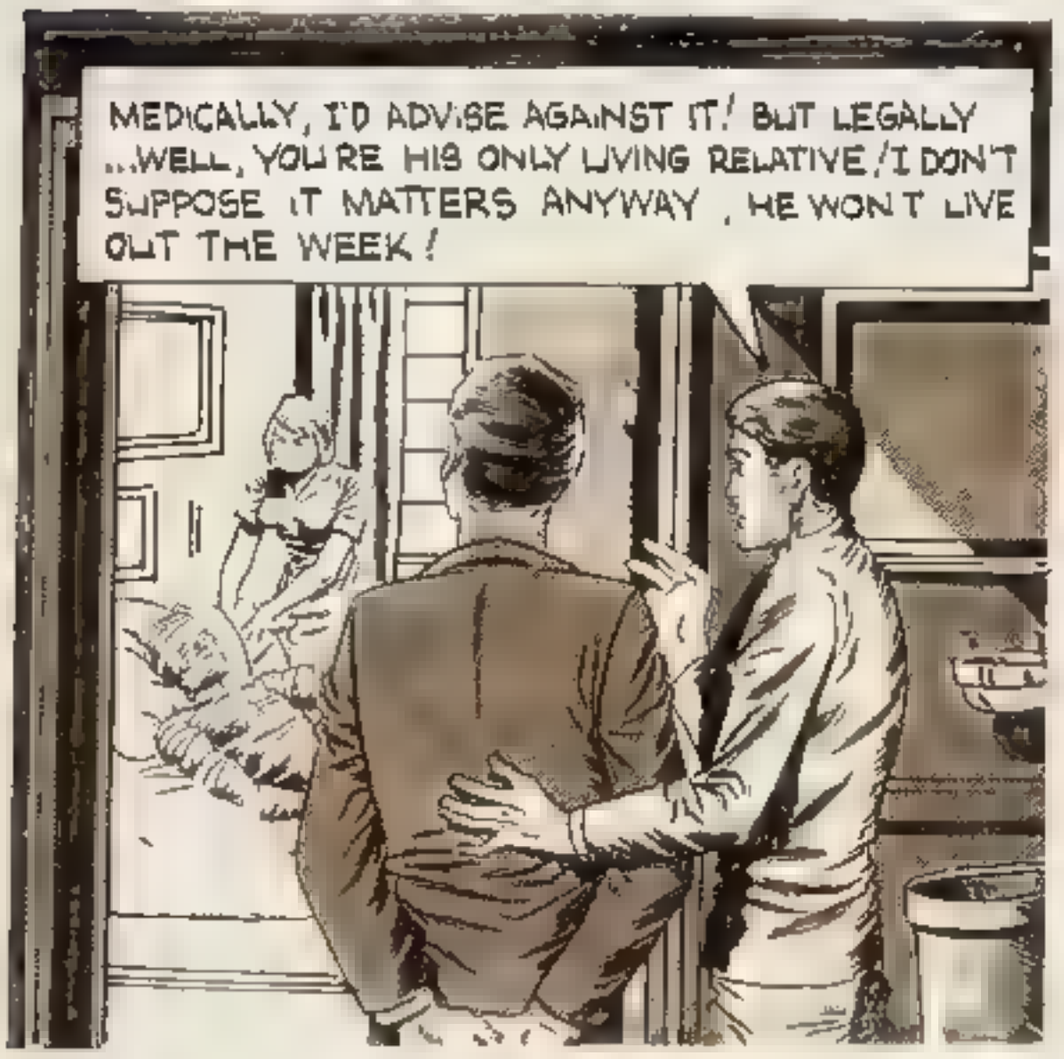
A HAPPY NIGHT WHICH ENDED WITH THE SCREAM OF TIRES

AND AN INFERNO OF WHITE-HOT PAIN!

THEY UNTANGLED THE REMAINS OF THE CAR, AND TOOK WHAT WAS LEFT OF ROBERT DURRAND TO THE HOSPITAL. THE NEXT FEW WEEKS WERE, FOR HIM, ONLY A DREAM OF HALF-REMEMBERED VOICES, FILTERED THROUGH A RED MIST OF AGONY!







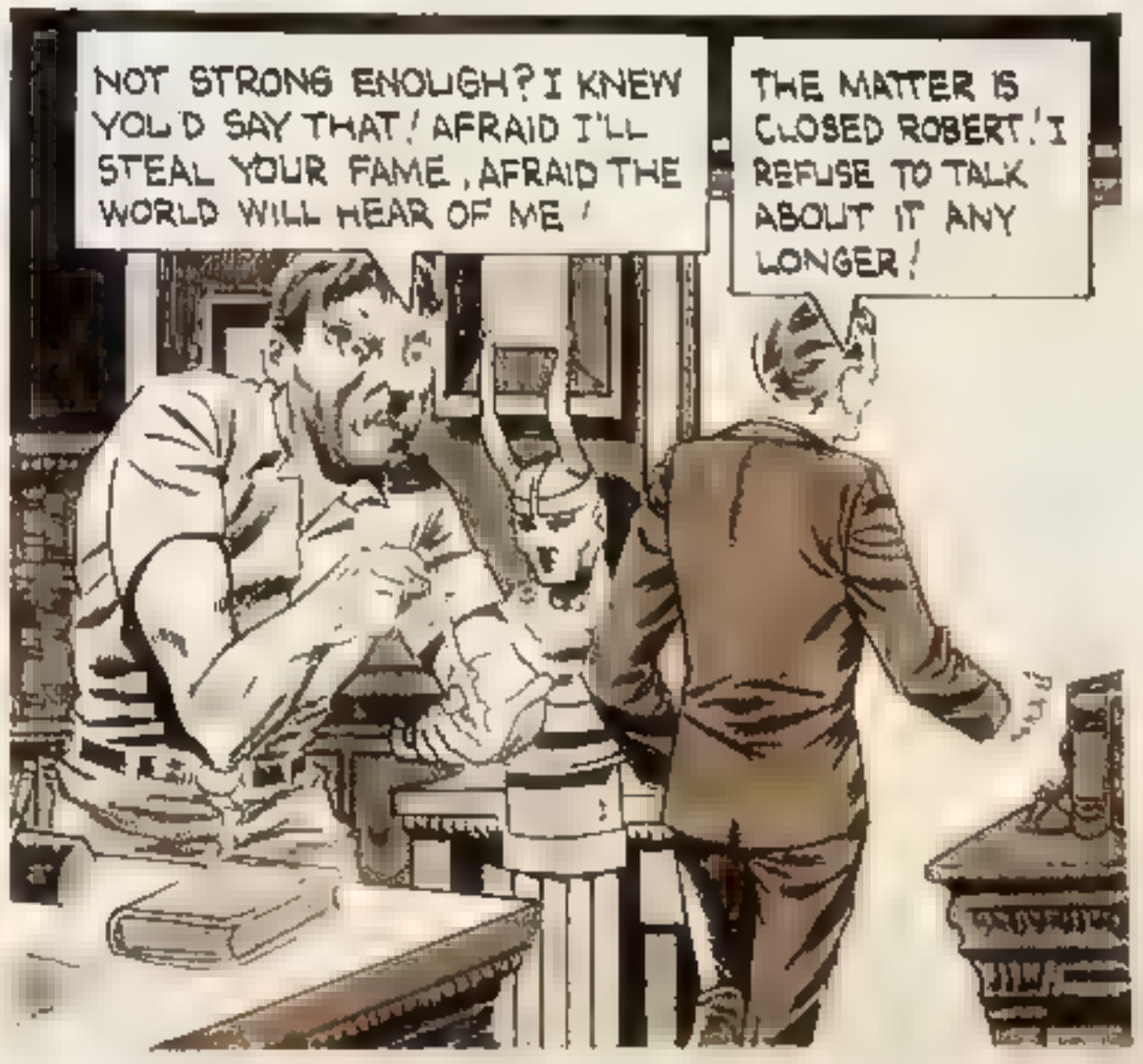
SO, CHARLES DURRAND TOOK HIS NEPHEW HOME AND FOUGHT AND PRAYED FOR HIS LIFE -- LITTLE DREAMING THAT HIS NEPHEW'S ONLY WISH WAS TO END THE NIGHTMARE OF PAIN BY DYING!

AND THE MIRACLE HAPPENED! IN SPITE OF HIMSELF, ROBERT DURRAND LIVED!

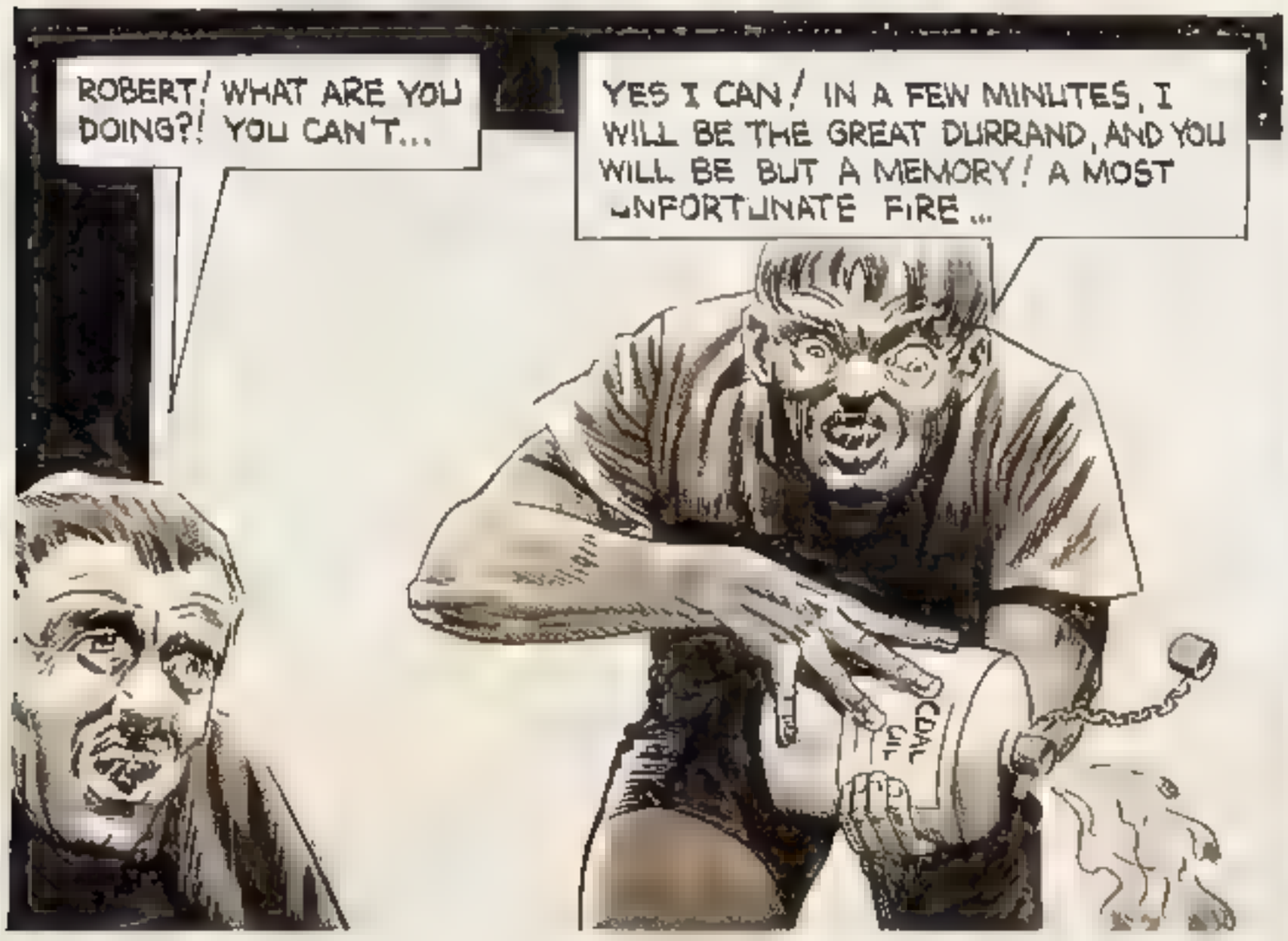
BUT ROBERT LIVED ONLY TO HATE THE ONE WHO HAD STRUGGLED TO SAVE HIM ...TO HATE AND DREAM OF REVENGE!

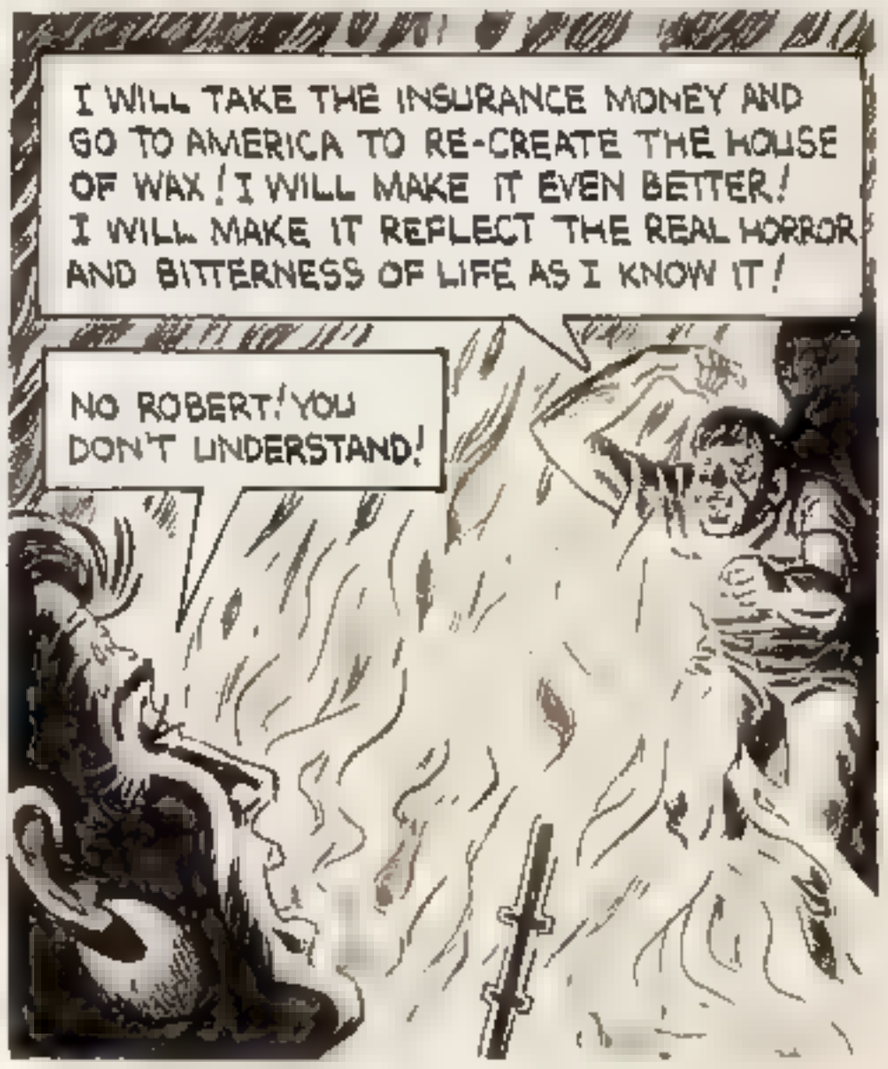
A FEW DAYS LATER, ROBERT'S DREAMS TAKE ON THE GLEAM OF REALITY WHEN...

MOMENTS LATER...



THE ELDER DURRAND IS ONLY WOUNDED, BUT WEAKENED SO THAT HE IS AT HIS NEPHEW'S MERCY AS HE IS DRAGGED THROUGH THE SILENT, EMPTY MUSEUM...





THE INTRICATELY FORMED WAX FIGURES DROOP AND MELT IN THE BLISTERING HEAT AS ROBERT PREPARES TO FLEE...

FAREWELL, UNCLE! I'LL BE A CREDIT TO THE FAMILY NAME! HAH-HAH!

I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE... THIS HEAT... I FEEL WEAK... I'M FALLING!

YOU POOR FOOL!

I COULDN'T HELP YOU THIS TIME, ROBERT! I TRIED, BUT I COULDN'T TELL YOU IN TIME! YOU WERE MORE SERIOUSLY INJURED IN ACCIDENT THAN YOU KNEW...

I TOOK YOU HOME AND REPLACED YOUR SHATTERED BONES WITH STEEL, YOUR BURNED-AWAY MUSCLES WITH ELASTIC AND WIRE, AND YOUR FLESH..

WAX, ROBERT! YOU'RE MADE OF WAX!

Imaged by Heritage Auctions, HA.com

LIBANIUS SMILED AS THE LAST GOLD FLORIN DROPPED FROM HIS WRINKLED HAND INTO THE TREASURE-GLUTTED CHEST...

BY DAY AND BY NIGHT MY WEALTH GROWS! SOON I WILL BE THE MOST PROSPEROUS MONEY-LENDER IN ALL MILAN... IN ALL ITALY!

NORMAN

THEN LET THE CITY'S FINE SOCIETY SCORN ME... IF THEY DARE!

A SOUND INTERRUPTED LIBANIUS' THOUGHTS OF SOCIAL SUCCESS... A SOUND LIKE A MUTED SHUFFLE OF FEET...

IS THAT YOU? PALO! BE GONE! TONIGHT YOUR WORK IS DONE AND I PAY NO MAN TO LOITER!

BUT THE SOUND PERSISTED...

THE NOISE COMES FROM THE FLOOR ABOVE! IT CAN'T BE PALO!

HIS HAND SHAKING WITH FEAR, LIBANIUS DREW HIS PISTOL FROM A DRAWER...

THIEVES! BRIGANDS ...AFTER MY MONEY!

THEN AS LIBANIUS MADE HIS UNSTEADY WAY UP THE STAIRS...

AN... AN EARTHQUAKE!

BUT THE SOUND OF SPLINTERING TIMBERS CEASED AND LIBANIUS, THE MONEYLENDER, STOOD LOOKING UP AT SOMETHING MORE TERRIBLE THAN ANY NATURAL CATASTROPHE...

GASP! GOD DEFEND ME!

BLAM

Imaged by Heritage Auctions, HA.com

YOU'RE IN FOURTEENTH CENTURY ITALY, WICKED ONES, BUT YOU WON'T FIND THIS DIABOLICAL DITTY IN THE HISTORY BOOKS! IT'S ALL ABOUT AN ALCHEMIST, A DEMON AND REVENGE.. AND IT CAN ONLY END IN
SPARE ME, CREATURE! I HAVE GOLD! TAKE IT! TAKE IT ALL, BUT LEAVE ME MY LIFE!
HA HA HAAAAAA!
WHAT USE HAVE I OF GOLD? I REQUIRE ONLY ONE THING OF YOU, SHYLOCK!
ONLY A POUND OF FLESH!
YIIIIEEEE
YOUR HEART!

THUS, SHORT MINUTES LATER

ALREADY YOU ARE RETURNED NAMBROTH?

INDEED! YOU CONTINUE TO BORE ME WITH SIMPLE TASKS!

THEN LIBANIUS IS DEAD?

HIS HEART LIES IN MY STOMACH! IS THAT ANSWER ENOUGH?!!

INDEED! INDEED! YOU HAVE SERVED ME WELL, DEMON! YOU ARE RELEASED UNTIL I SUMMON YOU AGAIN!

AGAIN?!! ALREADY, OSVALDUS, I HAVE KILLED FOUR MEN! I THOUGHT THIS MONEYLENDER WAS TO BE THE LAST!

HARDLY! OTHERS HAVE DONE ME INJUSTICES! THEY TOO MUST DIE!

BUT WHAT OF ME?

WHAT OF YOU? I GIVE YOU THEIR HEARTS, DO I NOT?

MERE TIDBITS! I AM A KING AMONG DEMONS! I SHOULD RECEIVE JUST COMPENSATION FOR MY SERVICES!

HA HA! HERE YOU ARE ONLY MY SLAVE, FOOL! WHY SHOULD I REWARD YOU FOR WHAT YOU ARE ALREADY BOUND BY MY MAGIC TO DO? NOW BE GONE!

CURSE YOU, WIZARD! ONE DAY I WILL FIND YOU WITHOUT THE PROTECTION OF A PENTAGRAM! THEN

OSVALDUS, THE **ALCHEMIST**, ONLY SMILED AT THE THOUGHT OF THE DEMON'S **THREAT**! TO OSVALDUS IT WAS AN **OLD THREAT**, AN EMPTY ONE...

SO LONG AS I AM INSIDE THE PENTAGRAM, I AM **SAFE** FROM NAMBROTH'S WRATH...

...AND I AM **MOST CAREFUL!** THE PENTAGRAM WILL **NEVER** BE USED UNLESS I FIRST THROUGHLY CHECK IT FOR FLAWS!

A WEEK PASSED WHILE ALL MILAN BUZZED WITH NEWS OF THE MONEYLENDER'S DEATH!

THE FOOLS! THE WORK OF A **MADMAN** THEY THINK! IF ONLY THEY KNEW! **HA HA!**

THEN, AS DARKNESS DREW OVER THE CITY, OSVALDUS PREPARED TO SUMMON **NAMBROTH** ONCE MORE...

AT LAST! THE **WORD-SPELL** IS **COMMITTED TO MEMORY!** NOW MY POWER IS COMPLETE!

NOW THERE IS NO EVIDENCE TO LINK ME TO THE MURDERS!

BLACK MAGIC SPELLS

THE PENTAGRAM IS STILL PERFECT! JUST AS I LEFT IT!

NAMBROTH, CURSED OF HEAVEN, HEED SWIFTLY MY CALL! BLACK VIPER OF HELL OBEY THY MASTER, COME!

LONG MINUTES PASSED WHILE OSVALDUS RECITED THE MEMORIZED SPELL! THEN...
I HEAR YOUR CALL, CURSED MORTAL! I COME!

THIS TIME I HAVE A TREAT FOR YOU, MONSTER!
IN TRUTH? AM I TO RECEIVE YOUR HEART, PERHAPS?

I AM NOT AMUSED!
FORGIVE ME, MORTAL! IT WAS BUT A WISHFUL THOUGHT!

ENOUGH OF YOUR INSOLENCE! I HAVE THE POWER TO SEND YOU TO A DEEPER HELL!
FEAR NOT, THERE IS NO NEED OF THAT! WHO MUST I KILL THIS TIME?

A CERTAIN YOUNG LADY SPURNED MY ATTENTIONS RECENTLY! I SHOULD THINK HER HEART WOULD BE MOST TENDER!
INDEED!

AND IT WAS! IN AN HOUR THE DEMON RETURNED, FLUSHED WITH NEW BLOOD...
WELL ENOUGH! NOW REMOVE YOURSELF FROM MY SIGHT UNTIL I CALL YOU AGAIN

EXHAUSTED AFTER WORKING HIS DARK DEED, OSVALDUS RETIRED TO HIS BEDCHAMBER, TO FALL ASLEEP ALMOST IMMEDIATELY...
SIGH ONE NIGHT SOON LEONARDO GRILLANDO, THE JUDGE, WILL FEEL NAMBROTH'S KILLING HAND! BUT FOR NOW I MUST...*MUMBLE*...

IT WAS STILL DARK WHEN OSVALDUS AWOKE, HIS THROAT CONSTRICTING WITH SUDDEN DREAD...
A PRESENCE IN THE ROOM! EVIL LURKING!

THAT SHADOW ON THE WALL! IT CAN'T BE!
BUT IT IS MORTAL! NAMBROTH HAS COME TO TAKE HIS REVENGE!

AS THE DEMON LOOMED OVER HIS BED, REEKING OF BRIMSTONE AND HELL'S WATERS, OSVALDUS KNEW THERE COULD BE NO ESCAPE...
SPARE ME ONLY A MOMENT, NAMBROTH, THAT I MAY CURSE WHOEVER SENT YOU AGAINST ME!
HAHA HAAAA!

THEN CURSE YOURSELF, WIZARD, FOR YOU AND NO OTHER SUMMONED ME!
IMPOSSIBLE! I WOULDN'T... NEVER NOT UNLESS I WAS INSIDE THE PENAGRAM!

BUT YOU DID, FOOL! YOU SPOKE THE SPELL AND I CAME... WILLINGLY!
HA HA HA!

PERHAPS YOU WOULDN'T HAVE MEMORIZED THE SPELL, IF YOU HAD KNOWN THAT YOU...
BUT HOW?
YIIIIIIEEE!

TALK IN YOUR SLEEP!

WELL, THERE'S ONE NIGHTMARE THAT DIDN'T BEGIN UNTIL OUR HERO WOKE UP! BUT HE'LL GET PLENTY OF SLEEP NOW... ENOUGH TO LAST HIM FOREVER!
END